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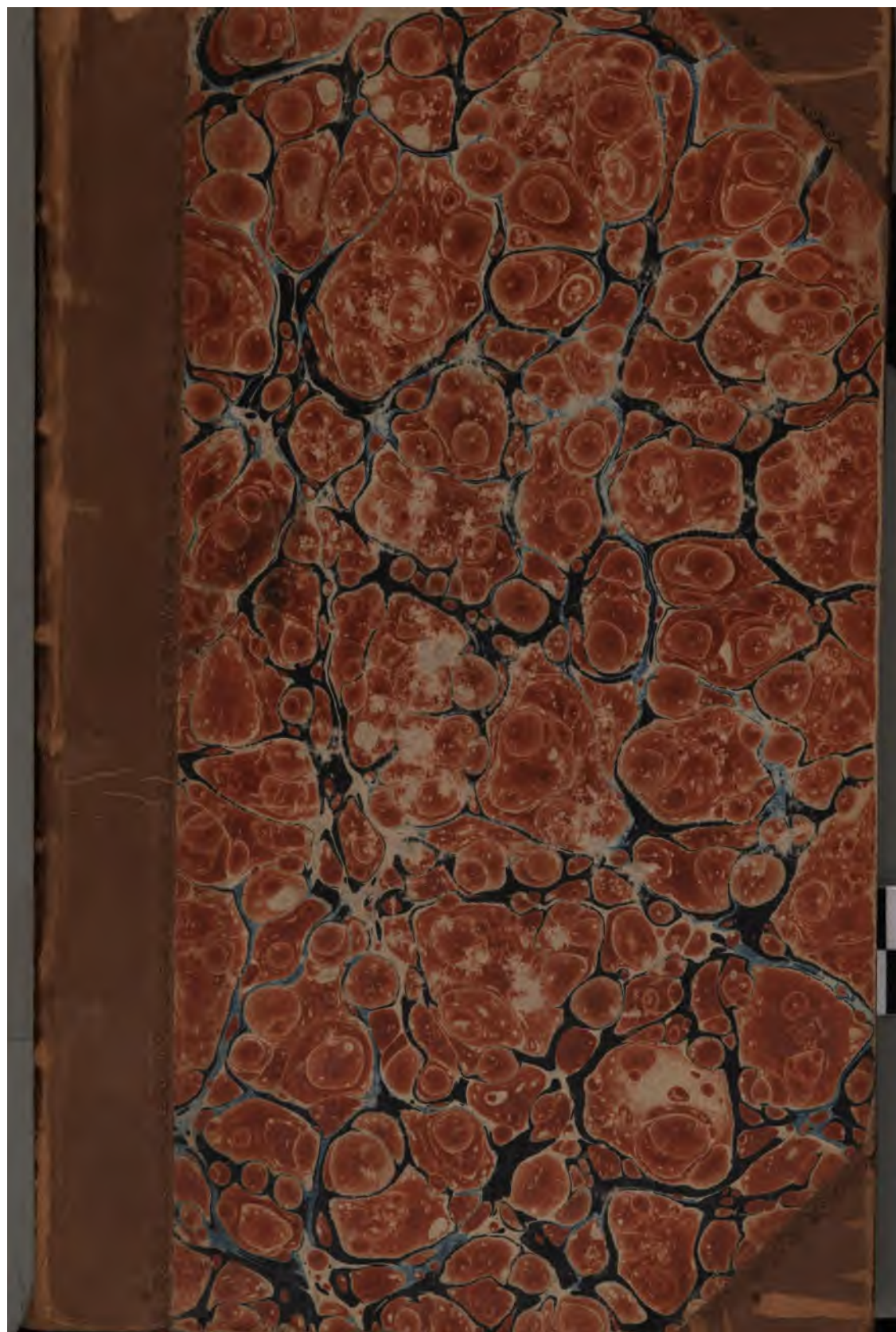
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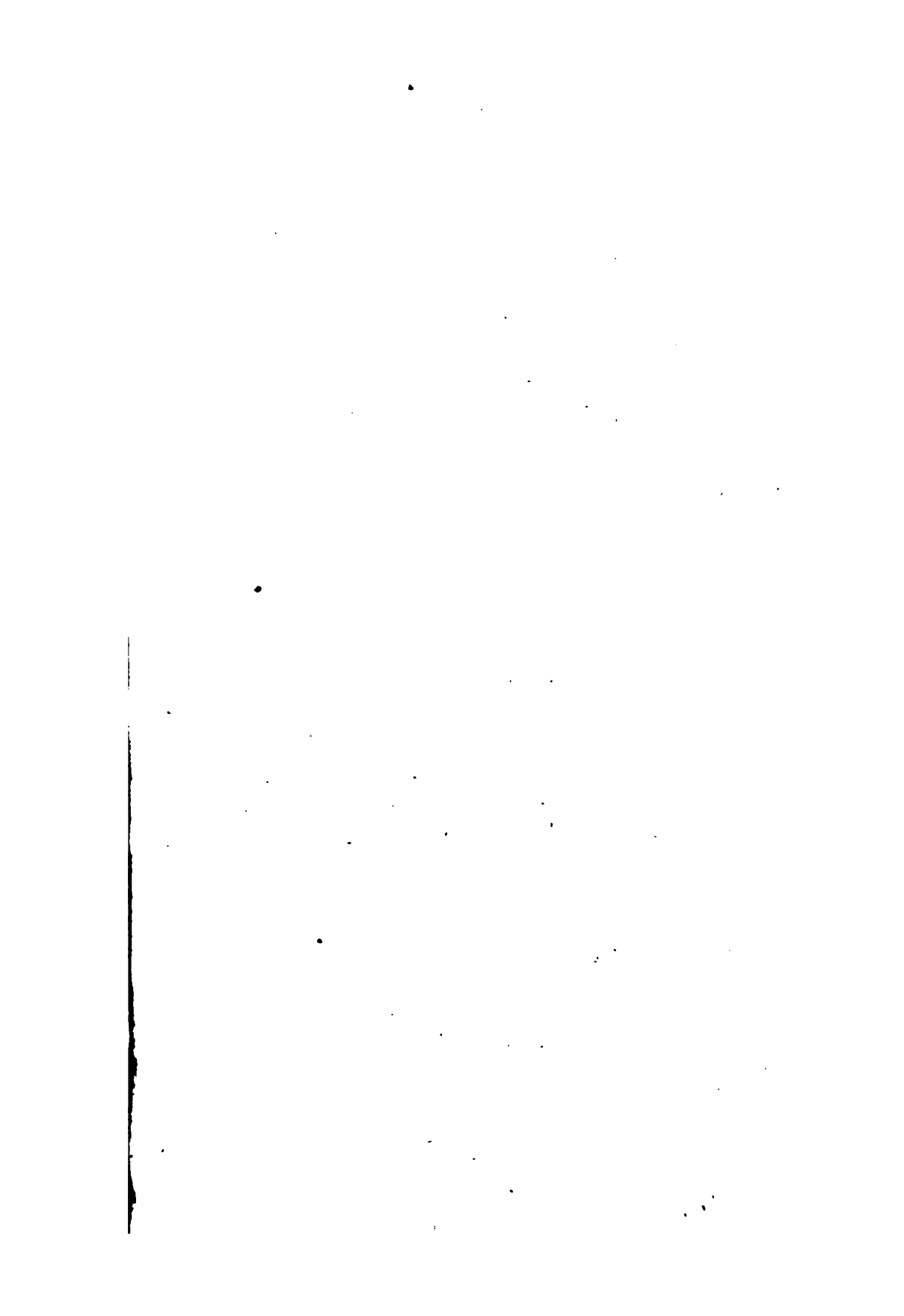
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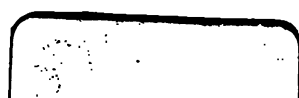




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S. H. 1827.

THE
WAR OF THE ISLES,

A Poem,

IN TEN CANTOS:

WITH NOTES.



~~~~~  
By G. LONGMORE, Esq.

CAPTAIN IN THE ROYAL STAFF CORPS.

~~~~~  
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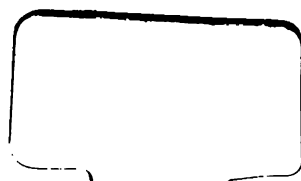
1826.

561.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Poem was written more than ten years since, although some alterations and modifications have been made since its first completion; various reasons, however, have delayed its being submitted to the Public, some of which Criticism might applaud, and some that Emulation might censure; but, notwithstanding the many attacks anticipated from the former, the Author has at length been persuaded to launch forth his bark, not without being disturbed by many doubts and fears how far a prosperous breeze may attend, or an adverse gale counteract, the success of his Muse. He has attempted in the work to impress on the mind of the reader, scenes, many of which he was a witness to; and although he may have completely failed in some, may, perchance, awaken by others, a lively recollection of such in the minds of those who were also eye witnesses to them.

He has chosen the Spenserian Stanza as the most fit for a work which comprises a variety of subject in its composition, and which has enabled him to shift the more readily from one description to another; on this account he may be accused of imitation, rather than commended for originality; although it were better to be forcibly imitative, which, if successful, may be termed emulative; than feebly original.





War of the Isles.

CANTO I.

I.

ASSIST me, heavenly Muse,—at whose fair shrine
Humbly I bend to offer up my song,
How often hath this ardent soul of mine,
Gaz'd on those charms, my mind hath courted long ;
And from amidst the warm admiring throng,
Who pour their themes in many a varied line ;
I, even I, (who would not others wrong,)
Still must advance, that none can more incline
To kneel to thee, and praise, thou, loveliest of the Nine.

II.

All hail, sweet maid, who first inspir'd on earth
The matchless bard, who touch'd Achaia's lyre ;
And in succeeding ages, brought to birth
Mortals, and warm'd them with thy heav'nly fire ;
Whose unexhausted light cannot expire,
But ever yielding charms to sing thy praise ;
Albeit, for me 'twere upstart, vain desire,
Yet so dost thou allure me with thy rays,
That I must fain attempt to tread thy arduous ways.

III.

And yet,—oh, yet, the substance of my lay
Demands a skilful, not an untried hand ;
Bright should the soul of Genius, with a ray
Sublime and soaring, all its powers expand,
And strike, as if, from some enchanter's wand,
The note of force, the trumpet-sound of Fame,
The praise, the prowess of a nation's band,
The guerdon of the Isles, the glittering flame
Of glory, deck'd with stars and many a gallant name.

IV.

Should I, thy humble votary then presume
To strike the harp,—oh! let my censors be
Indulgent in their minstrel's portion'd doom
Who woke its tones, nor ask, why such as he
Dar'd sing the triumphs of the great and free;
'Twas, that no other voice had striv'n to sound
Some tribute-song of martial-minstrelsy,
'Till bright-eyed Hope, by fervent fancy crown'd
Led him to plant his step upon the hallow'd ground,—

V.

And hail the name of Britain's triad-land;
Brilliant in arms, and mistress of the main,
The firm support of many a sceptred hand
Throughout fierce Tyranny's usurping reign;
Though cynic statesman may condemn⁽¹⁾ in vain
The subtle voice, which would her honours shade;
Oh,—her's the generous task, the well-earn'd strain
Of future Fame, which History hath up-laid,
Beside whose laurel'd page all other themes must fade.

VI.

When Gallia's sons with discord rent their soil,⁽²⁾
(Whilst foul-ey'd Vengeance held its hideous rage,)
And saw their martyr'd King,—a nation's spoil,
All bleeding sepulchred,—as if t' assuage
That war of civil strife which then did wage ;
Making men's carcasses, the stepping stool
To whom should prove most cunning of the age ;
Then, rose the struggle, who, at length should rule,
Throwing aside the mask worn in Deception's school.

VII.

Then burn'd the hearts of many with the flame
Of hot Ambition,—fiery and unquench'd ;
Then hurried many to aspiring fame ;
This one, succeeding that, from whom was wrench'd
The slippery hold he had, till Earth was drench'd
With human gore and fill'd with rending cries,
And Europe stood aghast,—trembling and blench'd
With horror,—when arose that Chief, whose guise
Was, as a thunder-storm, that bursts upon the skies.⁽³⁾

VIII.

Then rose the din of arms, which made the earth
Vibrate in palsied action at the sound,
As if some sudden earthquake came to birth,
And shook men's minds with its electric bound ;
Whilst Slaughter with his sword stood up and frown'd,
Darting his blood-shot eye's fierce glance afar ;
And keen Derision cast its sneer around,
Scoffing at man, the instrument of War,
Urging fell Slaughter's rage 'gainst those he meant to mar.

IX.

All Europe shrunk with fear, save thou alone,
Britannia, who, with calm, unshaken form,
Felt it was now the hour to strike the tone
Of that bold Freedom which beat quick and warm
Within thy bosom, and defied the storm.
And from thine Isle, girt by the dark blue sea,
(Nature's strong barrier against sudden harm ;)
Clad in Minerva's suit of armourye,
In lofty accents, thus, address'd the good and free:—

X.

- “ Offspring of Albion,—whom great Alfred first
“ Awoke to Nature’s most benignant call ;
“ And Reason’s light, in solemn charter nurs’d,
“ Chasing those clouds, which did its beams enthrall ;
“ Ennobling ye, with the firm-binding wall
“ Of laws and bold allegiance ;⁽⁴⁾ can ye blot
“ That noble birth-right he bequeath’d you all ?
“ No !—may his spirit hovering round this spot,
“ Still bind your hearts in pride, and prowess to your lot.

XI.

- “ Sons of the valiant, who on Cressy’s day,
“ With Edward built their monument of fame ;
“ And ye, whose fathers stood in bold array
“ At Agincourt, by Henry, and o’ercame
“ The race that dare ye now—and darkly aim
“ To mar the freedom which they cannot gain :
“ Let energy still bind you to that name,
“ As yet unsullied—and thus show how vain
“ The force which tyrants use, ’gainst Honour’s whole-
some reign.

XII.

“ When the proud Persian led his pow’rful host,
“ (He, to whom thousands bent the crouching knee ;)
“ And dar’d invade fair Greece, and make a boast
“ Of mighty numbers—lo ! the Deity
“ Punish’d the offence, as impiouſness ſhould be ;⁽⁵⁾
“ Witness the loss of all his myriad band :
“ And think of thoſe, who, at Thermopylæ,
“ For glorious Freedom made that deſperate ſtand,
“ And by one brilliant deed, immortaliz’d their land !

XIII.

“ Sweet are the toils of Honour, bright the deed
“ Which ſprings from conſcious and upholden good ;
“ And e’en ſhould Fate ordain the heart to bleed,
“ In warring for a noble cauſe, which would
“ (If we ſhould ſhun,) be deemed a daſtard’s mood :
“ Unfading is the wreath which Memory twines
“ Around the warrior’s grave—which ever ſtrew’d
“ In ſofter’d tribute—decorates the ſhrines,
“ Tombing the brave—round which a luſtre ever ſhines,

XIV.

“ And links them to Remembrance ; can we learn
“ A lesson more ennobling to the heart,
“ Than that which leads us rightly to discern
“ And own a Patriot’s, not a selfish, part ?
“ Yet ’tis the first, which oft the cunning art
“ Of those who strive at power, would make believe
“ Their minds support, whilst from the soul, that mart
“ Of passion, pride, and petulance, they weave
“ The thread of argument, the sophism to deceive.—

XV.

“ May Albion’s children ever tread the path
“ In Virtue’s, Honour’s, Patriotism’s applause ;
“ The fervent unanimity, the faith
“ Which Freedom, on the bulwark of its laws
“ Imparts, to sanctify each generous cause ;
“ And shall the impious, urg’d to overwhelm,
“ (And scorn all thoughts of HIM, whose spirit awes
“ The wise and virtuous,) devastate each realm,
“ Denying e’en the POWER,⁽⁶⁾ which guides Creation’s
helm.

XVI.

“ A sound is up on Earth, a swelling cry
“ Of nations, hurrying to oppose the might
“ Of keen Ambition ; soon will meet to vie
“ In the hot contest of ambiguous fight,
“ Thousands—with one who deems it a delight
“ To stir mankind to strife ; let then your arms,
“ Assisting where'er Honour may invite,
“ Give to War's chase at least its loftiest charms,
“ And aid the feebler hand against Oppression's harms.

XVII.

“ God of the mighty ! thou, of endless pow'r,
“ Oh, may thy bounteous mercy, as the star
“ Which glorifies the Heavens at evening hour,
“ So softly shine, and watch this Isle from far,
“ Thro' the encounters of an arduous war ;
“ Oh, may it lighten on the warrior's plume,
“ Who ranges Freedom in his battle-car,
“ Enlivening Hope, with that resplendent bloom,
“ Which owns thy will—its trust through every passing
doom !”

XVIII.

So spoke the maid ; already had a blast,
As scorching as the sulphury Simoom,
O'er the weak nations of Europa pass'd ;
Already had Germania wept her doom,
Where Tyranny sat perch'd, as on a tomb,
Mocking its prey ; and feasting then its eyes
To see what victim it should next consume,
And glaring hideously, seem'd to devise
Some deadlier deed of blood, some fiendish sacrifice.

XIX.

The last faint echoes of Italia died
On the fair limits of her lovely shore ;
The land of song, the nation who outvied
In arts and arms, thro' centuries of yore,
And beat so oft to Freedom, was no more !⁽⁷⁾
Vainly on Adria's wave, was aid implor'd—
Venice—the mart of Liberty, who bore
The lion in her gates, had droop'd her sword,
And palsied, stood to see St. Mark's fam'd horses lower'd.

XX.

And he who went with chains and rapine there,
Plac'd on his sullen brow the iron crown,
Making Italia's land his savage lair :
That, the fit emblem of his fierce renown,
This, more congenial than the bed of down,
To such a restless and insatiate soul :
Frowning, with nought majestic in his frown,
But keen and bloody, as the hyena's prowl,
Whose hideous rolling eye casts horror in its scowl.

XXI.

It was the die to thousands, when the deep
Drear tidings of her fallen fortunes peal'd
To Austria all her woes ; when in the sweep
Of her most anxious hopes, *there* lay her shield,
Trodden and tarnish'd, on Marengo's field ;
Her banners in the dust: oh, that the throne,
E'en of the *Cæsars*,^(*) should have had to yield,
And crouch for terms of amity, and own
Her safety in the bonds of servile hearts alone !

XXII.

Not so thy days, Athena, Sparta, Rome,
When man (if warring 'gainst his fellow-kind,)
Raised his bright falchion to arrest the doom
Which some foul despot of aspiring mind,
On Laws, Allegiance, Liberty design'd :
Who hears of Marathon that does not glow
With loftier feelings? who, that does not find
In Sparta's honoured band? in Scipio,
Deeds hallow'd more by Fame, as hours on ages flow?

XXIII.

Albion, amidst the gorge and fall of states,
Again I turn to thee; to thee who gāve
The sternest blow to that Pride, which elates
The tyrant, who would wish each man were "slave"
Or fool, to dupe, and, still to serve him—knave :
Oh, 'midst the wreck of thousands, in the tide
Of war by land, or contest on the wave,
Behold, your Nelson at Aboukir's side,—
Or, Alexandria's field, where Abercrombie died? ⁽⁹⁾

XXIV.

These are the records worthy of all time ;
These are the deeds which Honour gives to Fame ;
These are the glories, splendidly sublime,
Ennobling triumphs, which at once proclaim
A nation's prowess, and a warrior's name ;
And these are thine : amidst the thund'ring call
To arms and strife,—thine was one general aim,
To lessen human woe from misery's thrall—
A guerdon to thyself, a guardian hand to all.

XXV.

Yet these were but as solitary stars,
Shewing their brilliant and enliv'ning beams,
Amidst the roar of elemental wars
At some cloud's opening ; when benignant gleams
One glimpse of heav'n, which, to the toiling, seems
An Iris to their fears, a beacon bright,
Which, in the chaos of events, now streams ;—
Rekindling Hope, with its warm welcom'd light,
As some lone wanderer hails a cot, when storms benight.

XXVI.

Awhile it only shone, once more had Hope
Shed its bright incense but to fade again ;
The fury of two fights had striv'n to ope
The bar to Freedom : but, alas ! in vain,
Witness lost Austerlitz and Jena's plain !
Fortune still follow'd on the ignobly brave,
Ambition still held on its guilty reign—
Slaughter its swing of vengeance fully gave,
And those who would not bow, saw fetters or a grave !

XXVII.

The Austrian saw his capital bestrode
By Gallia's hosts, exulting in their power ;
And Berlin's palaces, the fam'd abode
Of the great Frederick, echoed at that hour
With foemen's jesting ; oh, that Fate should show'r
Its smiles so worthlessly, empowering one
As the insulter of earth's brightest dower,—
(Nature's affianc'd laws :) who could pour down
On Prussia's consort,⁽¹⁰⁾ woes, worthy a fiend's renown.—

XXVIII.

And Niemen's banks were studded with a crowd
Of conquerors and conquer'd ; on its tide
Monarchs, in tacit, meek submission, bow'd⁽¹⁾
And smil'd compliance to this man of pride ;
Whose humbler titles now were thrown aside
To assume the robe of royalty—to give
Laws unto empires—self-created guide ;
Through means which arms, Ambition, art, contrive
In subtlety 'gainst those, who, then but feebly strive.

XXIX.

The hardy Russian, on his bleak frontier,
In sullen terms acceded to his fate ;
Though unpropitious in his last career,
Left by stern war in abject fortune's state ;
Yet one repulse will not intimidate
The daring, dauntless, being ; and his breast
Thought of Pultowa, with a throb innate,
Which seem'd to say, he would not lay at rest,—
But that a time would come, to cleanse his tarnish'd crest.

XXX.

Oh, where, indeed, could Freedom turn, and not
 See sights for heart-felt sympathy and woe!
 Lo, the poor Tyrol, in his Alpine cot,⁽¹⁰⁾
 Tho' bulwark'd by his battlements of snow,
 His icy mountains, on whose summits, glow
 The glaciers, and the avalanche appalling,—
 That giant-like frown on the plains below ;
 Could their huge tops, at Freedom's last shriek falling,
 Have sepulchred the foe, whose fetters were enthralling ?

XXXI.

Then, had his land of snowy pyramids
 Escap'd, and Hofer's toil not been in vain ;—
 But as it was, alas ! the tear fring'd lids
 Of Tyrolean maids, bespeak a train
 Of griefs, when he and Freedom are the strain :
 He, and his comrade,* yet the Gauls know well,
 How Inspruck's walls were studded with their slain ;
 When his brave patriot band awoke the knell
 Of battle, with a glow that fir'd the breast of TELL.

* Speebacher.

XXXII.

Oh, what a thrilling sight, was there display'd,
When these bold peasants marshall'd up their host,
And ('ere they fought at Wilten's Abbey,) made
An offering to our "Lady's shrine," and cross'd
Their hands to her, who was to guard the post ;
For oft tradition does its tales supply,
And tho' tis superstition blinds, yet most
Cause have our hearts to praise the well-forg'd lie,
Which urges to such deeds of honest bravery.

XXXIII.

Bound to his liberties and laws, though lowly,—
Nature, supplying every wholesome want,—
Religion, binding with an awe most holy,⁽¹⁴⁾
And kindling Virtue's incense at her font ;
With no one wish of grandeur to surmount,
Nor feeling, from his native hills to roam ;
There, from the sire to son, could each recount
His race unmix'd and free—there, too, could sum
Joy and contentment, all, in one lov'd spot—his home !

XXXIV.

Home ! 'tis a spell-word, which, from earliest years,
The heart is prone to love, to which it clings ;
Home ! 'tis a spot round which the mind endears
All objects, e'en inanimated things ;
O'er which fond Memory ever spreads its wings,
Nestling each object up within its breast :
How happy, how delighted, the heart springs,
And hallows up the joy that is possess'd,
When soul reflects the scene of all that's dear caress'd.

XXXV.

In this, had Tyrol's offspring bask'd in long ;
And as the peasant plodding from his toil,
Happily homeward, caroll'd forth his song,—
Who so devoid of sorrow ? Nought to soil
The humble heart's contentment, nor embroil
In open faction with man's haughty race ;
His children's welcome, as they run to coil
Their little arms, and tend the fond embrace,—
Such Harmony and Love in all, could feeling trace

XXXVI.

But force will conquer Freedom ; then, no more
Were Tyrol's offspring heard in Joy, to swell
Sounds, at which hope had often smil'd before ;—
But unaveng'd of wrong, must Mantua tell,
How Hofer died ?—⁽¹⁵⁾ 'twas she who heard the knell
When rung the air, and hiss'd the fatal shot
Which laid him low. But empires rose and fell,
And amidst loftier sounds, the humbler lot
Of the poor Tyrol's cause, unheeded was forgot !

XXXVII.

The North had long heard the loud cannon's blast,
Till Pride was scarcely left another place
To aim its wild Ambition on ; at last,
The Gorgon turn'd his bold unblushing face
Towards Hispania's land, and swarthy race ;
And with a breast yawning with dark deceit,
Smil'd, whilst his hand, as treacherous and base,
Was held in amity :—a practis'd feat
To wile the thoughts of those whose hearts he meant to
cheat.⁽¹⁶⁾

XXXVIII.

The varnish'd tongue of vicious guileful pow'r
Is as the promise of a Summer's day ;
When sunbeams glow, and fragrance fans the hour,
Alluring man o'er ocean's gentle spray ;
Till suddenly, when tempted far away,
A cloud upon the Heavens arises fast,—
The winds set up their howl, whose lashing sway
Upon the waves, soon sets them with the blast,
To toss their angry heads, and all becomes o'ercast,

XXXIX.

With dreary darkness, and with danger's wrath,—
And far from succour, then may he in vain
Ask, why Misfortune led him on that path,
Where Ruin crowds its dismal featur'd train ?
Dare he upbraid, the Heavens, amidst Pain ?
There is one solemn answer for it all
In the deep mystery,—none can here explain ;
And mankind must await the Archangel's call
In patient Hope, or THERE, beware a second fall !

XL.

Tho' dark the woes of Spain;—'twas Albion's fate
To be her bold deliverer from her foes ;
Her brightest champion, form'd to emulate
The hosts of Gallia. Oh, how Nature glows
In an unstrain'd delight of joyous throes !
To think that Fortune once more turn'd her vane,
And pointed it to Freedom and repose ;
But as the theme doth varied feats contain,
Pause we, to rest the wing which Fancy lends my strain.

END OF CANTO I.



WAR OF THE ISLES.

CANTO II.

War of the Isles.

CANTO II.

I.

WHO, that is bless'd by Nature with a heart
Fervent in right, whose soul does not expand,
And into energy and action start
When the encounters of his native land
A help, a guerdon from his means demand ?
Oh, it is sweet to think a share is thine
In the bright lot, which gave a helping hand :
Exulting in the deeds, whose glories shine
To grace thy country's fame,—Honour's most sacred
shrine.

II.

The patriot's arm rais'd in a country's cause,
Against a dark and desolating foe,
Warmly to watch its liberties and laws,
Defend its freedom, and arrest the blow ;
The generous ally, whose senses glow
With thoughts, devoted to true glory's weal,—
These, are the noblest feelings Man can know ;
An inward pride at heart, who would not feel ?
To think the land was his,—a nation's wounds to heal.

III.

No brighter hearts e'er left Britannia's isle,
To tread the limits of some foreign shore ;
Nor bolder ranks array'd in martial file,—
Than those who heard Corunna's battle rear,—
And fought, where fell her patriot hero—Moore ;
Lords of the field, unvanquish'd,—yet the might
Of pow'rful numbers, left us to deplore
How the most noble hearts and gallant fight,
Could not redeem this band from safety in a flight.

IV.

Their's is the meed of valour ;—but alas,
Vainly the few, can ever hope to gain
Ascendance over power's o'erwhelming mass,
Where scanty means are pitted to maintain
The force of conquest ; for when despots reign,
Men's lives are as mere trifles in the scale,
Balanc'd 'gainst pomp of power ; whate'er the pain
Which Rapine, War inflict, where they assail ?
Pride turns a deaf'ning ear, and spurns each piteous tale.

V.

But not forsaken in dark thralldom's grasp,
Could Britain view the Lusitanian bound,
Nor Spain in fetters,— tho' the dying gasp
Of many a foeman near Gerona's mound,
And Saragossa's brightly honour'd ground,⁽¹⁾
Told Tyranny, the deep, determin'd hate
Which the Castilian bore him ; and how found
Spain's enmity, a mode to liquidate
(If not in open fight) the rancour rous'd by Fate.—

VI.

Spring beams again, and, lo, the Ocean sees
A fleet upon her waters ; proudly there
They dip their foaming prows unto the breeze,
Where Biscay's tide rolls on. Oh, 'twas a fair
And gallant sight, to see their white sails bear
These vessels o'er the deep, and well it might,
For who on Ocean could dispute, or dare
Display their ensigns proudly to the light ?
Since Nelson plough'd the Main, and won Trafalgar's
fight.

VII.

A band of brothers, and their leader, sage
As ever marshall'd warriors in array,—
Or triumph'd where the hosts of battle wage
The deadly combat for a victor's sway.
Fame, from her trumpet, thunder'd forth " Assaye,"
" Roleia," and " Vimeira," and these won,
Told Albion where her loftiest talents lay ;
Told of the splendid hopes that in her son
The state repos'd, to gild with Glory, toils begun

VIII.

It was Vimeira's fight redeemed the halls
Of fair Lisboa and the Lusian soil ;
Where bondage was beleagu'd with thousand thralls
To make captivity more drear and vile ;
Where the low hireling, sanction'd by the smile
Of his opprobrious master, urg'd his prey,
Till treaty made the foe disgorge his spoil,—
Yet suffering him to steal on terms away,
Thus cancelling the fame of Victory's latent sway.^(a)

IX.

Enough of this: Lo, Figuera's tide
Receives the hosts of Albion in its keep ;
In safety there, the gallant vessels ride,
Where Halcyon zephyrs lull the waves to sleep ;
Blythe were his sounds, when from his vine-clad steep
The Lusian view'd embattling hosts once more,
(Ardent in Freedom,) on his confines leap ;
Tho' scant had nature's bounties strewn his floor,
Yet hail'd he gladly those, who should his rights restore.

X.

And view them each in turn ; lo ! England's son
With open look and unrepining air,
Who seems to say, " the fight's already won ;"
Reverse ! the last idea entering there.⁽²⁾
How dauntlessly he stands, with honest stare,
Viewing, with idle laugh, this stranger land,
So much unlike his own ; and free from care,
Yet conscious of his duty, at command
Obeys each call to arms, with lawful heart and hand.

XI.

Next, view proud Scotia's son, the Gaelic line,
Mark'd in his ruder form, and features bold,
And that stern independence—Freedom's shrine,
Nurtur'd within each glen and mountain's hold ;⁽⁴⁾
Whose patrimony ne'er was bought nor sold,
Nor yet usurp'd by Pow'r : how true the mien,
The martial costume to his sires of old,
Which still the clansman (as their garb hath been,)
Retains, in all the pride of kilt and tartan green.

XII.

United in the band, see, Erin's child
Ardent and brave, and generously free,—
Careless of danger;—in his Pleasures wild,
The son of mirth, the soul of Melody :⁽⁶⁾
How his blythe bosom rings with homeliest glee,
Singing the praises of his own green Isle,—
His happy land of flowers,—if such there be,
Where Joy is ever wantoning to beguile ?
Such, might his heart attest, by his accustom'd smile.

XIII.

Their's no ignoble or enslaving cause,
But a free, firm, and brightly fostering aim
To succour human kind and human laws ;
Such as the earlier days of Greece became,
Where Freedom was the noblest meed for Fame ;
The Macedonian king's, the rash fram'd Swede's,
The Carthaginian's, or proud Cæsar's claim,
Vanish before those traits of Glory's deeds,
Where, in a country's cause, some patriot-bosom bleeds.⁽⁶⁾

XIV.

Pride may urge on the pow'rful ; empire's thirst,
Dominion ; and the love which despots crave
To be the world's great idol ; or the lust
Which fierce Ambition burns with, to enslave ;
These are the passions, whose desires deprave,
Yet please the mighty ; but in that warm breast
Who can, alone, his country's welfare have,
And rather fall than live, and be oppress'd ;
His, is the noblest fame ! his, is true Honour's test !

XV.

But hark ! th'alarum sounds on Douro's banks, ⁽⁷⁾
And subtle foemen there await the clash
Which war re-animates 'midst hostile ranks ;
'Tis scarcely dawn, and yet the waters dash
Against arm-burthen'd boats their rippling plash ;
But soon the light unveils them, and the roar
Of cannon, (dealing many a deadly gash,)
Reverberates, and on that craggy shore,
There is a clang of arms,—there is a tinge of gore !

XVI.

The foe retires—and Britain's sons advance,—
Already Lusitania's fields, from strife are freed,
And stretching where Sol casts his mellow glance,
Spain's smoother realms in gentler rise, succeed,
And shew more lands to combat for and bleed ;
Romantic land !—that once Pelagius own'd,
Clime of the mighty Charles—how great indeed,
Would be their soul's disdain, (that once renown'd)
Could they arise to see th' usurper thus enthron'd !

XVII.

He who has journey'd o'er Spain's sunny land,
(Where every rock lifting its form on high,
Is deck'd by Nature's never-failing hand
In endless—boundless—vast variety,)
Still must his thoughts in contemplation, fly
To those past scenes diffus'd in Fancy's hue,
Which oft before had charm'd his gazing eye
As sojourning along, he paus'd to view
Sights so magnificent, for memory to renew.

XVIII.

The "cloud-capt" sierra's wild and broken steep,
Dark, bold, and awful to the startled sight ;
Down whose rude banks, the shrubs and vine-twigs creep
In varied maze :—rocks tow'ring now upright,
O'er some deep-foaming flood, which in its flight,
In murmur loud, roars down the sunken glen ;
Now, smoother vales array'd in verdure bright,
Disclosing beauties, fair to mortal ken,
Vying in grandeur, aught o'er earth's wide denizen.

XIX.

And such, where lofty Cintra meets the storm,
Which struck with majesty my youthful mind,⁽⁸⁾
Rearing above the deep its giant form,
Deck'd in bright herbage, waving to the wind ;
And the luxuriant vine-clad hills behind,
Now, in rich glow, and now in shade embrown'd
With woody glens, and vallies intertwin'd,
As hill and vale in curvetting were wound,
Shining in Nature's fair, and brighten'd prospect round.

XX.

Nor were its sierras, glens, and olive shades
Together blent in mountain majesty,
The sole attraction ; for Castilia's maids,
(With graceful step and large dark beaming eye,)
In lustre, fairer female forms outvie ;
Whilst in th' endearing softness which beguiles,
Oh, Spain's dark daughters ! vain 'twere to deny,
Angelically shine, in witching smiles,
Skill'd in Love's tender glance, and sweet alluring wiles.

XXI.

Their's the wild glance, that fondly doth impress,
From eyes of laughing light, the feelings there ;
Their's the arch smile of winning playfulness,
That well denotes the thoughts their bosoms wear :
How beautiful their dark and jetty hair,
Floating in ringlets, as they tread the dance ;
In grace surpassing other dames more fair,
As tripping lightly on, they look askance,
And charm each gazing eye, by their wild sparkling
glance.

XXII.

And well had future times the annals told
Of the low downfall and degraded fate
Which tyrants meet, when they attempt to hold
The sons of Freedom in abjection's state ;
Had thy dark sons, rush'd on to emulate
The deeds, oh Spain, of Saragossa's maid ! ⁽⁹⁾
In firmness far above her haughty mate,—
Tho' form'd for Love and softness, not afraid
To share the battle's toil, and wield the avenging blade.

XXIII.

The day was fair along the Teio's side,
The sun shone bright upon the Alberche's stream,
Tho' War afar, with crimson flood, had dyed
Full many a field ; yet had not Terror's gleam
Arous'd these precincts with its sight or scream :
In Talavera's halls, Spain's lovely daughters
Still tun'd their sweet guitars—the twilight's beam—
The breeze still bore their music o'er the waters,
For happy was the spot, and undefil'd by slaughters.

XXIV.

Ah, little knew they what their eyes would see,
Or the soft senses of their bosoms hear !
How soon the spot, a fated spot would be,
For scenes of deadly strife and carnage drear,
And the green-garland vintage of the year ;
Reap'd by the foe, or rotted by the dead ;
For Hope, the harbinger of all that's dear,
Wiling away their fears, with rosy tread,
Till now, its soft and smiling influence had shed.

XXV.

But suddenly, a cry from east and west,
Tells Talavera of its guests ; the foes
Of former fight, are fated to contest
The field of Fame again ;—Hispania knows
Those to whom Lusitania, generous succour owes ;
And from the rival banners, rais'd on high,
Seeks out the blood-red Lion, to repose
Her safety, and her trust upon,—to vie
In conflict for the palm, and Pride of Victory.—

XXVI.

Upon two rising and opposing hills
There lay the hosts of nations ;—round the heath,
And green declivities, and murmuring rills
(Whosedraught would shortly cool the warrior's breath,
Or ease the panting gasp of lingering death)
Their leafy camps were made,—the buzzing swell
Of many thousands, ready to unsheath
Their swords for slaughter ; and the shriller yell,
The shout, the neigh of steeds, in mingled discord fell.

XXVII.

How bright those vestures glitter in the sun,—
Keenly, yon war-horse snuffs the morning gale ;
Those arms how nerv'd—those limbs, too, as they run,
Youth, health, and vigour, there, in strength prevail,
And manhood's spirit, daring all, assail ;—
Shall giant War his horrors here infest,
And morrow tell a more than piteous tale ?
The mangled corse and limb, the cloven crest
Will answer all—and more than vengeance can request.—

XXVIII.

The petty warfare's done, and evening's beams
Sink, soft and lovely in the golden west ;
The sultry hour is pass'd, and Zephyr streams
To cool the soldier's wearied limbs to rest ;
The watch-guard's plac'd around, lest foes invest
The midnight camp ; with goblet and Cigar,
Some kill the hours,—some sleep with toil oppress'd,
Whilst some more pensive loiterer turns afar,
Thinking on those he loves, 'neath twilight's lonely star.

XXIX.

It is the hour of silence, save the bay
Of the hoarse watch-dog with his honest howl,
Or the fierce wolves, marauders vile of prey,
That o'er a banquet of the dead now prowl ;—
At times the hollow screeching of the owl,
The raven and the vulture, and the last,
Under the dusky veil of night's dark scowl,
With dog and wolf, o'er features stretch'd aghast,
There slakes its thirst for blood in Gluttony's repast !

XXX.

It is the hour of silence, and the foe
In seeming rest and quietness ; but, hush !
Was that a tramp of steeds ? A sound, as tho'
Footsteps were stirring ? or, was it the gush
Of the far fountain only, or the rush
Of the faint night breeze thro' yon olive groves ?
Lo, something stirs,—is it the heather bush,
Wav'd by the passing wind which only moves ?
Or, is it—see—“ Arm—Arm,” the wily foe it proves.—

XXXI.

And then, and there, were sounds and shouts,—the crash
Of the loud bugle, trumpet, and the drum,
To wake the sleepers ; and, save where a flash,
Told of the foe, none know which side they come ;
It is one awful and tumultuous hum,
Now a command to arms, and now a cry
Of wounded men, deepen'd at times, by some
More mangled victim's, in his agony,
When pain bereaves the sense, to let him calmly die.

XXXII.

But Britain knew to whom she had imparted
Her hopes and trust of honour ; and the soul
Of noble Wellesley, could not thus be thwarted
By the imposing onset ; hark ! the roll
Of the incessant volleys round that knoll,
Where Hill withstood Gaul's legions, who now marr'd
Of their foul fancied triumph, quickly stole
In darkness from the Fight, of fame debarr'd
By fortune, who once more, gave freedom its reward.

XXXIII.

Morn breaks along the East, and sunbeams greet
In all their glory, but upon the grass
There is no dew ; already have the feet
Of passing thousands,—(war's conflicting mass,)
Brush'd off its fresh'ning moisture ; and alas !
The many ne'er to brush its leaves again ;
For 'ere another fleeting day can pass,
War, shall shower down its thunder on that plain,
And France, or Albion, own a triumph, or a stain.

XXXIV.

There is a grandeur, e'en in Martial strife,
A stern magnificence which gives the Fight
An awful charm ; the heedlessness of life,
The thirst for triumph, and the keen delight,
In hard-earn'd victory's controuling might ;
The sense of glory, and the love of fame,—
These are the feelings, whose desires invite
The warrior ;—these, the passions which inflame
And stir mankind to seek the splendour of a name.

XXXV.

Hail Talavera's glorious field, whereon
Proud despotism was taught to shrink and gaze
At laurels, by true honor's actions won ;
Oh, in its orison, the heart must raise,
A tributary meed to Albion's praise !
A glow of joy which victory instills
Into her champions ; as the mind surveys,
War's pageantries contrasted with its ills,
When tyrant's hirelings bleed, what breast with pity thrills ?

XXXVI.

How different, how bright, the meed, the glow
Which gilds the cause of Freedom,—tho' the might
Of power may bind some to admire the foe,
Who, by his thunder, overaw'd all right,
And made the fool, or knave, a proselyte ;
Yet honour has its star, and fame its zone;
And wild ambition in its wanton flight,
Builds but an airy fabric for its throne,
That trusts to one clear sky, to be its strength alone.

XXXVII.

What ! 'midst the blaze of triumph, turn'd the mind,
Of Philip's son with maddening phantasies ?
What ! made the first great Cæsar's soul so blind,
As to de'ude his noblest faculties,—
Which gleam'd as flaming meteors in men's eyes,
Making the conqueror's soul, a fawning slave,—
And cheating glory of its richest prize !
Speak, vanity, though flatterer, what dost crave,
Whose aspirations are but levell'd with the grave ?

XXXVIII.

Speak, for in thee, our hearts that fiend behold,
Who, in a crown, profuse with gem and plume,
And silken raiment, studded o'er with gold,
To hide thy schemes 'neath splendour's borrow'd bloom,
Leads't on thy followers to destruction's doom,
Teaching to spurn at virtue's simpler deeds ;
Or, like an ignis fatuus, dost assume
Its treacherous shape, which in deception leads,
Whilst still from spot to spot, the wily meteor speeds.

XXXIX.

Once more, oh Talavera,—let the hand
Which loves to praise its country,—turn to thee,
And own the triumph, which made Spain expand,
And Lusitania too with growing energy,
Shewing them that the spirit of the free
Still may defy the rude invader's power,
Who dares insult all law and liberty ;—
And may th' Almighty one, who rules the hour
Still aid the Briton's cause and triumphs, ever shower.

END OF CANTO II.

WAR OF THE ISLES.

CANTO III.

War of the Isles.

CANTO III.

I.

Oh ! for the muse of him, who touch'd thy lyre,
And grac'd thee, Lusitania, with his lay,
Thy minstrel Camoens ! ⁽¹⁾ whose hallow'd fire
Of Poesy, encompass'd with a ray,
Of something more than beauty, lit the way
To immortality ; can I presume
To hail in song, the land which gave him day !
Thy olive garland and thy orange bloom,
Nor trespass on his name, and brightly laurel'd tomb.

II.

The brightest tributes stamp'd by record's tongue,
Gracing the annals of each olden clime,
Are those their native minstrels strains have sung,—
Enhanc'd and consecrated more by Time,
Which gilds its treasures with a glow sublime ;
Tho' the fam'd Grecian's page, and Mantuan's power,
Dim the bright hopes, in later sons of rhyme,
Who seek those realms of Fame—the Muse's bower ;
Thou, Camoens, wert their child, and Poesy thy dower.

III.

'Friended by none on earth, the sacred Nine
Gave thee a rich inheritance, to last
Beyond this life's mortality ; to shine,
When those who once neglected thee, were cast
Into their nauseous tombs, and all things pass'd
(That once confess'd them) in oblivion's den ;
Whilst thou, a greater treasure then amass'd,
Filling in memory fair the minds of men
A stately monument, the hand-work of thy pen.

IV.

Honour, to thee,—and honour to the land
Which gave thee birth, whose conscious sons have now
Been roused to energy by Albion's band
Of warriors ; on whose fame-encircled brow
The laurel waves, which says, "they never bow ;"
Oh, not in vain was she or her's implor'd ;
And Time its triumphs will to those allow,
Who taught the Lusians, how to wield the sword,
And gave them aid, and arms, and ardent BERESFORD !

V.

They wept the hour which saw their Prince depart,
And left them stooping, with their necks bent down
To meet the tyrant's fetters ; but with heart
Arous'd to thralldom's shame, by Honour's frown ;
Determin'd to essay for fair renown :
The shout was giv'n, and from Algarva's shore
To Minho's stream, each province and each town,
Sent forth its youth, and Patriotism wore
Its brightest badge, when all, who could, a falchion bore !

VI.

Once rous'd to emulation, what will Man
Attempt not, then ?—who could expect t'have seen,
When first the terrors of the war began,
The Lusian's sickle on his hamlet's green,
Turn'd to a sword ! and the imposing mien
Of men in arms, marshall'd in steady rank,
So change a race from what it late had been ;
Such will example do ; for on the bank
Of every Sierra now, not chains, but sabres, clank.

VII.

Then glow'd the flame of honour ;—brighter far
Than when Braganza's youthful prince espous'd
Its call of glory ! ⁽²⁾ to the shouts of War,
Each panting heart seem'd to be warmly rous'd,
And where the foe approached, peasants unhous'd
Their store—their little all—and fled their home,
Driving their flocks that on the mountains brows'd
To spots of deep security to roam ;
The earth's cold sod, their couch ; their covering, nature's
dome.

VIII.

And this was for their land, by foes despoil'd ;—
Oh ! when the Gaul advanc'd with vengeance stern,
After Busaco's fight, which saw him foil'd,—
Then would a scene of woe, have made ye yearn,
To see each sex, the young and aged turn
From their lov'd homes,⁽³⁾ where many a long, long year,
In peacefulness they dwelt ;—this is to learn
A lesson of distress, when War austere,
Deals forth its direful ills, in pitiless career.

IX.

Love, peace, contentment, what are these to thee,
Quenchless ambition ! that with giant stride,
Sneering step'st forth to spurn the good and free ;
And trampling on all justice, throw'st aside
Honour, restraint, to serve thy lech of pride ;—
Power all thy aim, thou mak'st thy stepping stone
Men's means and carcasses ; and in the guide
To serve thy passions, heedest not the groan
Of misery it caus'd, to make each wish thine own

X.

We loath to dwell o'er retrospection's glass,
And wade thro' all the horrors of a scene,
Earth hath beheld thro' thee ;—the countless mass
Of beings sacrific'd who might have been
Embodied still, but for that thirsting keen,
Which led, and still doth lead, thee to look down
Coldly on all, that serves to swell the mien
Of cynic grandeur, and of self renown,—
Scattering thy mandate's threats, as rolls the thunderer's
frown.

XI.

But such was—is—and must be,—until time
Bears earth and man unto eternity ;
The love of conquest soon turns into crime,
When urg'd on to ambition ; when the free
And powerful will of one man's agency,
Saps in the very fabric he first built
And gain'd his glory from, 'till by degree,
If just means will not satiate,—by guilt,
He will attain his end, e'en at the sabre's hilt.

XII.

But nature thou art ever still most kind
And bounteous in thy works ; behold, this land
Bulwark'd in part by thee !⁽⁴⁾ as if design'd
To stop the foul usurper's galling hand,
And when e'en valour's self could not withstand,
His whelming numbers, lo ! it turn'd to thee,
And saw from Tajo's river to the strand,
Which ocean laves, a hilly boundary,
Where skill adjudg'd in part, could still protect the free.

XIII.

'Tis done——on ev'ry hill, in each ravine,
A barrier is by art or nature made ;
The sodded rampart and the fosse are seen,
Thick studded by the bristling palisade,
That mars the wavering heart from escalade,
The cannons brazen mouths, the well pil'd-ball,
Tokens of keen reception,—and the staid
And wary sentinel, watching over all,
The first to give alarm, perchance the first to fall.

XIV.

These are Lisboa's safeguards from her foes ;
And Torres-Vedras shines in record bright,
Tho' Gallia has, from disappointment's throes,
Shower'd, in the chaf'd malignity of spite,
Taunts against Albion, that she shunn'd the fight ;
Yet Truth, and freedom some support still have,
In this frail world, for safety's smiles requite
At times their friends and followers, and the brave,
Turn to a last defence 'gainst those who wish t'enslave.

XV.

And trusty vigilance yet calmness reign'd,
Throughout the British line ; whilst Lusitania's heat,
To arms and energy of cause is train'd.—
Not thus, the foe, who in their hopes now cross'd,
And by foul malice and keen famine, lost
To every nobler thought, give vengeance sway ;
Behold ! Gaul's vulture in despair, now tost,
Writhing its fangs, and in its wild array,
Clawing the ground thro' disappointment of its prey

XVI.

Oh, Santarem, around thy pillag'd walls,
Terror and death,—disease and famine, there
Had shower'd their pestilence; throughout thy halls
One shriek arose of tumult and despair !⁽⁵⁾
Nor could their chiefs at last command an air,
Of due respect ; not willing to forego
The chance of triumph, whilst the fiendish stare
Of famine, in its agonizing woe,
Made their hearts, faltering pause, to meet or shun the
blow.

XVII.

Behold bleak winter from fair Lusitania's clime,
Swiftly recedes, and spring usurps her reign ;
And save the mountain tops, that soar sublime,
Thro' fields of air, and capt with snow, maintain
Their fleecy coverings, all upon the plain,
Resumes its brightness and renews its glow,
And Flora grac'd in all her smiling train
Of loveliness steps forth, but where's the foe,
Who came to trample down, the sweets she might bestow ?

XVIII.

Where is the foe of nations ? is he fled ?
Oh ! mark yon habitations desolate,—
The roofless house, the tatter'd, unthatch'd shed,—
Remnants, and relics, strew'd in litter'd state,
Telling the dreary certainty of fate ;
All—all deserted, save by wolves, ⁽⁶⁾ or some
Poor squalid beldame, and her grey-hair'd mate,
Too poor for rapine's spoil, too old to roam,
For misery, long before, had visited their home.

XIX.

War, has its triumphs,—Conquest, has its fame,—
Victory, its splendours,—Valour, its reward ;
These are their partial brilliancies, the flame
Which glory kindles round the warrior's sword ;
And yet War has its ills to be deplor'd,
Ask ye, yon wandering peasant, forc'd to fly
His heritage and home, with plenty stor'd,—
Look to that scene of ruin—mark, where lie
Those bleeding victims there ! then turn and clear thine
eye.

XX.

On—on !—the cry of war is rous'd again,
The foemen's lines are left in smoke and ruin ;
Albion and Lusitania in one battle train,
Firmly advance, the flying Gaul pursuing ;
Lo, on their route, the sick and dead lie strewing
The rock-worn ways,—where is the idle taunt,
Which mark'd their onset with its vain hallooing ?
These are the frauds of vanity, whose vaunt
Rebounds against the heart, that wore it in its front.

XXI.

But let Pride boast,—to wanton envy prone,—
Fortune awaits it not ; each coming day
Attests, how nerv'd the leaguer'd hosts have grown ;
Look ye to Albuera's fierce array,
Fuente's and Barrosa's fights, for they
Were freedom's triumphs in a noble aim ;
And shall Earth praise a harden'd despot's sway,
When liberty can look around, and claim
So many deeds like these, to eulogize her name

XXII.

Oh ! Wellesley, if there's homage to be paid
To talent join'd to heroism, Thou
Art one, deserving truly to be made
Fame's idol here ; whose honours round thy brow,
Wave, as the laurels, glory should bestow
To crown her offspring with ; tho' Europe strove
Long against thralldom, yet was forc'd to bow,
It was decreed thy genius, to remove
Its galling chain, in part, and glory's star to prove !

XXIII.

It was decreed for thee, to shew the world
How to repulse the foe, who long had borne
His eagles in the van, and had unfurl'd
His flag o'er states and dynasties forlorn ;
How bright the eve, which led to such a morn,
When thou wert summon'd on the field, to cope
With fierce oppression's champion, who had torn
Earth with his sceptre ; then did freedom ope,
Her soul to smiles again, and once more welcom'd Hope.

XXIV.

And not deluding was that Hope, which shone
To cheer Britannia's warriors in their toil;
As onward Summer journey'd thro' its zone,
Still on those limits did they guard the soil
Of Lusitania, from the foeman's spoil;
Near where Roderigo's towers arise, and twines
The Agueda with many a winding coil,
Drawn up in stern array of glittering lines,
Each host, contestless, yet in watchfulness, reclines.

XXV.

But yesterday, and Lusitania heard the sound
Of Gallia's trumpet, and her hollow drum;
And now, not even on her soil, is found
One arm, that fights against her; who can sum
The tides of fate, that wafting now, become
Adverse with increas'd force, on those of late
Borne on in loose prosperity's wild hum,—
Who deem'd not fickle fortune could await
Hearts, that had mostly seen success attend their fate.

XXVI.

As the swoll'n mountain torrent, (when the spring
Dissolves the snow) amasses all its force,
And, rushing headlong, sweeps down ev'ry thing,
Opposing the tornado in its course ;
Till having drain'd its fountains of resource,
Becomes no more, th'appalling dread it was,
But a mere stream, that all may stride across ;
Thus oft doth cumbrous Pride, its means surpass,
And madly wastes away, its vigour in one mass !

XXVII.

Such is its history, and such hath been
The curse of Gallia ! who, already feels
The stream begin to slacken, and the scene,
Far less inviting ; once that Fortune reels,
(For she inconstantly her favour deals)
And fate's full swinging tides against him set,
Vainly, may man, to hope then make appeals ;
Vainly, his sword upon the stone may whet,
For soon or later, she will cancel up his debt.

XXVIII.

Dun autumn fades away, the leaves fall fast,
Strewing the earth, which lately hath been strew'd
With many a bloody harvest ; for the blast
Of death reaps most, where war hath laid its feud ;
'Tis calmness but awhile, for soon renew'd
The cannon's thundering roar, and hissing ball,
Will make his gory hands again imbued,
And the vain foe, then see their best hopes fall,
Beneath the shatter'd heaps of Roderigo's wall.

XXIX.

Encompass'd is the city, and debarr'd
From outward help and succour, whilst around
The bold besiegers keep their wary guard,
And others excavate and mould the ground,
In winding trench, and battery, and mound ;
And as two thunder clouds that meet and clash,
Making the hills re-echo with their sound,
And the fork'd lightnings play, so seems the flash,
Which darts from either side, fast follow'd by its crash.—

XXX.

Which tremulously dies, to peal again,
Leaving an awful stillness round the space,
'Till shaken by another ; as the main
Which pours its angry billows, on the face
Of some steep hill, and undermines the place,
By its repeated shocks, and falls the earth
And stones in massy fragments at its base,
Whilst the whole city shakes, as at the birth
Of some convulsion, which from nature's womb comes
forth ;

XXXI.

So thunders there, the loud tongued cannon's roar,
And the brais'd rampart batter'd from its site,
Rolls, with concussion reeling as they pour
Their iron bolts of vengeance, by whose might,
All is o'erthrown ; no interval's respite
Of calm cessation through the fitful day,
Nor thro' the dark, more awful hour of night,
But sounds the clang of battle's deadly sway,
And rous'd expectance stands, viewing the fierce array ;

XXXII.

And anxious for its issue ; hour on hour,
Still hears of desperate deeds by Valour done,—
Still sees the missile bolts of slaughter shower ;—
Now fiery as war, the setting sun
O'er the Estrella, marks his race as run ;
Will then to morrow's dawn still own the strife,
Or shine on Albion's task of conquest won,
Where thirst of fame eclipses love of life,
And Glory glows more bright, when Slaughter is most rife ?

XXXIII.

Twilight descends,—the cold, keen, biting air
Of night-fall, “shrewdly nips,”—yet is it calm
At the hush'd cannon's pause ;—assembled there
Without the trumpet's warning, lest alarm
Should rouse the foe, lo ! Albion's warriors arm,
And march in silence,—as the rolling wave
Of ocean's murmur, ('ere a tempest storm)
Troubling the air,—so move along the brave
To fame's and honour's prize, to glory and the grave !

XXXIV.

But see, the rockets blazing to the sky !
And hear, the sharp-shrill musquet ; now they reach
The escarpade, hark ! to the onset cry,
As the mass'd column rushes to the breach,
And the loud yell of War, the mingled speech
Of valour—emulation—passion—pain,—
The roar of arms—the roll of drums—the screech
Of tortur'd wounded in discordant strain,
All join'd in jarring sound, like tumult's awful reign.

XXXV.

And all around the city gleams a blaze,
Like one continued lightning's reddening flash,
That e'en the heaven illumines with its rays
And lights to deeds which valour might deem rash :
'Till suddenly peals forth an awful crash,
As loud as the loud thunder ;—up there flew
A thousand sparks, then fell to earth the dash
Of rafters—stones—limbs—carcasses ; whose hue,
Was as the ashes—black—shrivell'd and scorch'd to view.

XXXVI.

A magazine had fir'd ! the foremost brave,
Borne by th' explosion, shatter'd thro' the air,
Were snatch'd, at victory's moment, to the grave,—
For man devises every skill and snare,
To counteract his foes, nor does War spare
The blood of thousands, one success to gain ;
This—this is the ferocity we share,
Alike with brutes, nor can our hearts restrain
Those fiendish means ; we are, the lineal sons of Cain.

XXXVII.

But, to the east—lo—others scale the walls
At different points, and fortune crowns the deed ;
Britannia's flag waves o'er Roderigo's halls,
Tho' largely bought by noble hearts that bleed ;
For blood must purchase War's victorious meed.
Then came the sack, the soldier's sweet repay
To all his toils—for rapine is his creed ;
The creed of those who have no nobler sway,
And often sully fame, by acts of lawless prey.

XXXVIII.

The innocent or guilty, all alike,
Must suffer 'neath the fierce assailing sword ;
And mercy's prayers to rapine's passions strike,
The rich man's treasures of the festive board,—
The poorer's savings from some slender hoard,—
The trembling matron, whose fond breast alarms
And chills with frenzied fear for child or lord ;
The virgin in her lusciousness of charms ;
All are despoil'd—deflower'd—by lust's licentious arms.

XXXIX.

Such is the fate of nations, who have seen
The hot assaults of war and its success ;
And such must ever be, as it has been,
From earliest times—for the licentiousness,
Of the rude soldier, who, can quite repress,
When partly urg'd by conquest's daring rights ?
Happy the land, which knows not War's distress,
No fields of blood, or force—no harvest-blights,
Nor torturing fears to chill, the hearts whom Love unites.

XL.

And Roderigo's conquest adds one more
Proud day of victory to the Briton's name ;
Yet 'ere I pause, let me one tribute pour,
To those who fought and fell, and have a claim
As bright as their's, who have surviv'd its fame ;
Tho' Sparta's—Athen's—Rome's patrician pride
Shine in the page of record ; still the same
Full praise of glory swells the flowing tide, ⁽⁷⁾
Which tells how CRAWFORD fell, and how MACKINNON
died.

END OF CANTO III.

WAR OF THE ISLES.

CANTO IV.

War of the Isles.

CANTO IV.

I.

Another year hath gone,—Time speeds away,
Journeying with sharpen'd scythe, and steady wing,
Now cheering nature with a smiling ray,
And now disheartening with some sudden sting,
Reviving and consuming every thing ;
Empire, or state—king—conqueror—or sage,
Sophist—or saint—to all its changes bring,
The same stern-striking lesson of each age,
Beyond the human power of mortal to assuage.

II.

Hopes shines with fervour'd ray to cheer the soul,
And balance fear ; Desire, with glowing feet,
Sweeps on the kindled flame beyond controul,
And leads to visions, vain, or loose, or sweet,
Luring the wanton to its guileful seat,
Urging th' ambitious—spurring on the proud,
Until corrupted man, in its deceit,
Embraces Vice—hugs Folly—and aloud,
(And stalking arm in arm) harangues th'infected crowd !

III.

These are pride's thrift, successful passions ; these
The feelings that around the heart's core wind,
And rankling lastly, into a disease,
To crime—or madness—spur the bigot's mind ;
Madness of heart, not idiot-like, but blind
To all, save vain-wrought pomp, and as its creed,
Offering in bloody sacrifice—mankind ;
For this, its incense burns, its victims bleed,
Without one nobler view, than vanity to feed.

IV.

Enslav'd by vanity, the tyrant tries
To slave the world in turn, nor does he look
To fame's more gorgeous page, than that the eyes
Of future ages, should peruse time's book,
And own his name, who earth, and empires shook,
Obedient to his tyrannies, not laws ;
As if the rebel-angel's course he took,
To be his mortal guide, and sought applause,
Warring 'gainst Justice, faith, freedom, and virtue's cause.

V.

Such is the course of despotism, to whom
Fate hath ordain'd a pow'ful hand and throne,
To rule o'er nations, and pronounce their doom,
And judge as selfish interest sways alone ;
Such as the world hath seen,—NAPOLEON
Appears to mankind now, perchance a scourge,
Inflicted on the human being, grown
Deep sear'd in sin and vice, or sent to urge
Gaul and her giddy sons, to Barbarism's verge.

VI.

And, now, behold him seated there in state,
Presiding o'er her councils ;—was there not
Some brighter feeling which could stimulate
His soul to deeds of fame ?—look, at that spot
Which breath'd with freedom, ne'er to be forgot,
Greece—fallen Greece!—would not true glory's fire
Burn to restore her birthright ?—mark, the lot
Of poor Sarmatia ! could not she inspire
With all her woes, one spark of proud redeeming ire,—

VII.

And bid him succour Kosciuko's name ?
Genoa—Venice ;—but that die is cast ;
There are no Dorias now, to earn a claim
On freedom's smile ;⁽¹⁾ and with her council, pass'd
The soul of Venice ;⁽²⁾ she, who had amass'd
For fourteen centuries, the noble pride
Of her republic, and saw freedom glass'd,
Reflected from the Adriatic's tide !
There are no hopes—she, like her parent Rome, hath died.

VIII.

He ! who commanded thousands—could redeem
Those, who had fallen 'neath oppression's chain,
And have illumin'd earth with the bright beam
Of proudest liberty ; who held the rein
Of power and justice ! could promote—restrain
The hopes of nations ! yet, alas ! that fate
Should give one being, potency, to stain
The brightest attributes, which instigate
Man to be virtue's friend, which is his first estate.

IX

But wherefore all ?—Time shows alone that man
Is frail and faulty ; and that fate o'ertakes
The proudest edifice and noblest plan
Genius can form, and their foundation shakes,⁽³⁾
Laying them with each other hope that wakes
The mind to expectation, 'midst the drear
Vicissitudes of worldly things, the aches
Which men are heir to, when their vain career
Sets them at glory's prize, with War bought ever dear.

X.

When Spain's imperial Charles led on his host
 To Pavia's contest, and saw victory
 Crowning his banners, and could proudly boast,
 (In the full flush of triumph's blaze,) that he,
 Who long against him cop'd, on bended knee,
 With his own hand, gave homage of his sword:
 Could he have deem'd, some future age would see
 An upstart Corsican's created lord,
 Demand a prize which Spain had treasur'd and ador'd?⁽⁴⁾

XI.

Oh! more than all, where is the spirit fled,
 Which on Asturia's hills once nobly bounded,
 When brave Pelagio's arm his banners spread,
 And Deva's vale with Moorish groans resounded,
 Leading to triumphs, which her conquest founded?
 Where can the peasant turn his bonds to burst
 When in his peers the infamy is grounded?
 Blush! blush! Oh Spain! for those whose spirit curs'd
 Thy soil,—but most Godoy!⁽⁵⁾ thy mightiest and thy
 worst.

XII.

Was't not enough that France should raise her arm,
To bind oppression's chain round thee, and thine,
But that the hearts who should, in danger, warm
And animate thy freedom, could combine
Darkly against thee, and e'en help to twine
The girth of bondage? 'twere at least repaid,
As guilt should be to those, who so incline;
Treason earn'd nothing from the schemes it laid;
And a foul mantle wraps the baseful Morla's shade.⁽⁶⁾

XIII.

Leave we this theme, to own another tale
Of noble triumph; as Roderigo fell,
So sounds the voice of glory on the gale,
Proclaiming, "Badajoz," with loudest knell,
And Albion's honour'd band, "invincible."
The transient theme of song, may pass away—
Records be lost,—still will tradition tell,
And sire to son's posterity convey
The fame which Britain gain'd, o'erthrowing Gallia's sway.

XIV.

Can language paint the terrors of that storm ?
Look to the breach, rang'd with each implement,
To awe the sturdiest veteran-soldier's form ;
But it avail'd not,—tho' the cannon rent
The air, as 'twere an earthquake, and up sent
Shot, shell and missile flew, and the fosse gap'd,
As a vomiting furnace ; still intent,—
Resistance fired to zeal, tho' danger, shap'd
Like to a yawning hell—might question, “ Who escap'd ? ”

XV.

But it avail'd not ; vain the foe's devise
Of art, or stratagem, to save the town,
For fortune took the bandage from her eyes,
And plac'd on Albion's brow, a laurel crown,
That symbol of a warrior's bright renown ;—
The south secur'd, lo ! Velha's pass is cross'd,
Where Tajo rolls ; stupendous steep ! look down,
The huge crags bristling, as by Chaos toss'd,
Where in the deep abyss, perception's glance is lost !—

XVI.

Vast—awful—and profound ; yet as the sun
In rosy splendour, mounts the east, and throws
The fullness of his glorious beams, upon
The Sierra's side—how beautiful it glows !
Tinging the light-grey clouds, whose caps repose
Upon the mountain heights, where fern and flowers
In rich profusion grow, and nature owes
Her beauty to her grandeur, when she towers,
Far 'bove the vallies, and, in clouds her head embowers.

XVII.

And journeying onward, lo ! with gentle tide,
The Tormes bathes those green declivities,
Where Salamanca's spires, in all the pride
Of beauty and magnificence arise,
And point their gorgeous fabrics to the skies ;⁽⁷⁾
Yet 'tis not all her glory, tho' it fills,
The mind with wonder, and delights the eyes,
Here Learning, showering from her thousand sills,
Draw forth the Genius which she bounteously distills.

XVIII.

Yet here upon that margin, now no more
The schoolman roves to gaze at earth, or stars,
As in those days, Cervantes, trod its shore ;
For learning's pastimes have given place to War's ;
And the loud cannon's speaking thunder, mars
The mind of meditation ; in that train,
Comes riot ever on its thousand cars ;
Pride,—passion,—pleasure, guiding each, a-rein,
Heedless of all fame's gifts, save what War's triumphs gain.

XIX.

And even in those aisles, where churchmen trod,
And revelry was never heard to sound,
Nor music, save the choral hymn to God,
Nor female steps profan'd that sacred ground,⁽⁶⁾
Lo ! pleasure now, and wanton sports abound,
And rose-hued rich libations Bacchus quaffs ;
There, laurels doff'd, to be with vine-leaves crown'd,
The soldier lulls his toils in copious draughts,
And ease forgetting care, sets up its jibes and laughs.

XX.

Within a league of Salamanca's towers;
There is a spot which Glory hath enshrin'd
In Britain's record ;—there, the hostile powers
Marshall'd their columns, gorgeously combin'd ;
It seem'd as if fair nature had assign'd
The spot for contest ; on two gentle slopes,
Which, on the Aripeles heights reclin'd,
Albion and France drew up their proudest hopes
Of victory and fame, for which man often copes.

XXI.

And parted by a vale, down which, a brook
Brawl'd forth its murmurs, giant-like, there rose
The Aripeles, that appear'd to look
Frowningly on each other, as two foes
Who stand and menace 'ere they come to blows ;
And studded thick with men, they even seem'd
As massive bodies, moving to oppose
Their strength colossal, whilst the war-arms gleam'd,
Fiery with evening's sun, like to a meteor beam'd.

XXII.

'Tis awful, when the vast Volcano's fire,
Bursts from its crater, hurling forth around,
Embers, and stones and lava, in its ire;
Consuming all man's labours near its mound,
And terrifying with its solemn sound,
Deep and unearthly : awful too, the shock
Of earth, which makes things vibrate on the ground,
And man's bold nature start, as if its rock
Warn'd us that she groan'd forth, her caverns to unlock.

XXIII.

'Tis awful to behold the thunder cloud,
In its drear darken'd murkiness of wrath,
Rise o'er the welkin ; threat'ning from its shroud,
To dart the vivid lightning, and to scathe
And blast all things that meet it in its path !
Awful to view the raging, roaring sea,
When the huge waves roll mountains, and heav'n hath
(Like ocean in its stern inveteracy,)
A sable hue,—like what ? hell to the vile may be !

XXIV.

The hungry flame devouring in its force,
Man's wealth and dwellings, toils of many years ;
The swollen river bursting from its course,
Inundating the harvest field, where rears
A plenteous crop ; the loathsome plague, which veers
Its pestilence o'er some bright blooming land ;
The towering avalanche of snow, which peers
Above the vale, down thundering from its stand,
And the huge mass, o'erwhelming all, at Fate's command.

XXV.

All these are awful ; yet as awful too,
And sternly striking, when determin'd foes,
In battle's fierce array, with deadly view,
And havock's foaming thirst, their strength oppose,
'Till steel meets steel, and arms to arms fast close ;
Defiance urging on, Hate grinning by,
Valour disdaining death's convulsive throes,
And Slaughter, shouting in its enmity,
Vaunting to Fame, where'er, its mangled victims lie.

XXVI.

Pass we the tale of individual strife,
The feat of valour, and the deed of blood,
The steps of slaughter, and disdain of life ;
Ere yet the Tormes in its glassy flood,
Lost day's last parting ray—lo ! Albion stood
On victory's pinnacle ! and Gallia flying,
Left her lost field of contest thickly strew'd ;
Her banner torn, her shatter'd relics lying,
And her best hopes in arms,—fall'n,—fortune doom'd
and dying.

XXVII.

Then came the hot pursuit of ardent war,
Whilst falling night enwrapping in its shroud,
Their flight retarded, save when some known star
Guided the footsteps of the wandering crowd ;
Fatigued, forlorn,—lo ! Alba's sought abode,⁽⁹⁾
Hears many a famished yell, and dismal rave ;
And others press'd, (to save a captive's goad,)
Into the Tormes plunge, whose babbling wave
Yields a last home to those who fondly thought 'twould
save.

XXVIII.

Morn broke upon their dreary, troubled view,
And laughing into light, seem'd to deride
The fallen fortunes of the despot's crew,
The fugitive remains of humbled pride ;
Where do their hopes of yesterday abide ?
With their parch'd slain on Salamanca's field ?
Mighty Ambition ! was for this, thy stride
O'er Pyrenean heights ; at length to yield
The fame of former fights, emblazon'd on thy shield ?

XXIX.

Hark ! to the voice of Europe ! Was there none
To sorrow, at the trumpet of thy fall ?
No, every heart is thrilling with the one
Impassion'd joy ; not Spain alone, but all
Exult in deeds, which tore oppression's pall,
Partly from off her sons ; already hath
The North been rous'd by freedom's rallying call ;
Whilst Pride defeated, stamps in venom'd wrath,
To think one arm should dare oppose its wanton path.

XXX.

Lo ! Leon's sunny plains, look lovely still,
Beneath the glow of summer's smiling beams ;
Tho' penanc'd were her peasants, 'neath the will
Of a rapacious host, still, plenty teems
Around those verdant fields, where Douro streams
As limpid and as swift ; o'er these, the bands
Of Albion pass, and lovely are the themes
Which cheer their steps ; one joy throughout expands ;
Age, sex, all shower kind words, bright smiles, and wel-
come hands.

XXXI.

And Castile's maids' fair forms, and graceful arms,
Are seen to move and wave, amid'st the throng,
Who crowd to welcome Albion ; they whose charms,
The island warriors' hearts had heard of long ;
Now may they list at eve, unto her song
Of sweetest numbers, whilst the soft guitar
Her plaintive voice accompanies along.
Oh, in such hours of peace, the thought of war
Is drown'd in smiles, and all its memories driven afar.

XXXII.

And when the sultry march of day is o'er,
As thro' the village strays the warrior-guest,
'Tis sweet to hear from every peasant door,
The warm appeal of thankfulness express'd ;
Once more the evening's 'custom'd sports attest,
Return of mirth and merriment, oh ! Spain,
Which cheers thy children 'ere they steal to rest :
Terpsichore leads on her dancing train,
And blythe Fandango twirls his castanet again.

XXXIII.

On, on ! Segovia's towers appear in sight ;—
Mark that colossal work of Roman skill,
Which stands in strength unshaken still, despite
Of time and storm ; and from the distant hill
Conveys the sparkling waters of the rill ;⁽¹⁰⁾
This pass'd—St Ildefonso's turrets rise,
The splendid fabric of a monarch's will ;
Embosom'd in that vale,—a paradise,—
Where all of sumptuousness in art and nature vies.

XXXIV.

And towering near,—lo,—Guadarama's height,
From the smooth plain beneath it, mounts so high,
That the wild falcon, in its airy flight,
When soaring there, is scarcely (with the eye),
To be discern'd, in its own native sky ;—
And now its summit gain'd, they hurry on ;
When in the plain afar, the bands espy,
Resplendent in the bright meridian sun
Thy domes, Madrid—whose walls will speedily be won.

XXXV.

And morrow dawns with sweet unclouded smiles,—
One generous glow each free-born bosom stirs ;
Pleasure awaits the warriors of the Isles,
And gratitude's reception vies with her's ;
Hispania clasps her brave deliverers ;
And oh, what charm that feeling can eclipse,
When Freedom's pledge, to Fame her prize avers ?
Whose fragrance, all life's other flowers outstrips,
That praise of patriot hearts, and smile of beauty's lips. ⁽¹¹⁾

XXXVI.

Where are the charms attendant upon power,
If 'tis not planting smiles in every face ?
Who would choose thralldom e'en in golden bower ?
Give me the boon of freedom's dwelling place ;—
What is the life we breathe, if chains debase
Our birth's inheritance, and attributes ?
He who ~~would~~ bear it calmly, let him trace
~~His steps~~ o'er lawns, herding in folds with brutes ;
~~Minds~~ moulded thus, alone are fit for such pursuits.

XXXVII.

Pageant of power !—where can we turn and seek
Thy proudest—purest page of law reveal'd ?
Alas ! the wisest have but prov'd too weak !
Greece met its doom on Chæroneæ's field,
And Actium saw Rome's haughty freedom yield—
Where are the Cæsars' claims for just applause ?
And he, who now earth's sceptre strives to wield ;
Whom does he copy ? where founts he his cause ?
Follows he Timour's steps, or Macchiavelli's laws ?⁽¹²⁾

XXXVIII.

And history with all its thousand pages,
Republics,—monarchies restrain'd or free,
The light of reason, and the lapse of ages,
Is still unsettled in power's theory ;
Each tried, all prais'd, yet none there are, we see,
Stable against the subtle working skill
Which gains one bolder mind supremacy ;
Such as earth dawn'd with, some must govern still,
Emperor—king—consul—doge—dictator—what ye
will—

XXXIX.

'Tis but the same rehearsal, save in name ;
(That magic which the second Cæsar knew,)
Each, but a different by-word unto fame ;
'Twas from that sophistry in power, he drew
His fortunes, all o'erglossing with the hue
Of misnam'd freedom,⁽¹³⁾ and he found as one,
The brightest road, thro' glory's avenue,
Out of the many ruling sceptics known,
Born to an empire, or, who have usurp'd a throne.

XL.

Yet one I would select me, from among
The mass of nations, one within whose womb
Was grafted—Liberty ;—from which, there sprung
A tree of power, unfading in its bloom,
Fair to its people's hearts, and happy doom ;
Britain, that gift is thine ; amidst the name
Of empires,—thou the proudest can'st assume,
Whose fabric work of laws, thy noblest fame,
Well may the Briton's voice in pride of heart proclaim.

END OF CANTO IV.

WAR OF THE ISLES.

CANTO V.

War of the Isles.

CANTO V.

I.

There are bright faces, Madrid, in thy walls,
And gallant hearts, now court thy dark ey'd fair ;
The sound of mirth, re-echo's round thy walls,
Pleasure awhile hath captivated care ;
Yet, tho' thy sons rejoice, the many there,
Have felt War's sternest blow,⁽¹⁾ and may, perchance,
'Ere it subside, have deeper cause to wear
Sack-cloth for heavier woes, and throw a glance
Of mingled scorn and hate, at the rude hosts of France.

H

II.

Yet dearly hath France bought the land she holds ;
For now is Andalusia freed from strife,
Fair Cadiz once again her gate unfolds,
And hope, which in adversity, is rife,
Now doubly wakes all hearts to freedom's life ;
And well hath Spain aveng'd th'invader's grasp,
The fierce guerilla band, the secret knife,
The ambushade, all deadly as the asp,
These are her weapon's threats at every foeman's gasp.

III.

And did not France deserve the keen return
Of venom'd rancour tow'rds her locust horde ?
Freedom when fortun'd, fatally doth burn
'Gainst its oppressors ; have not some ador'd
The Brutus' dagger, more than Cæsar's sword ?
Tho' their's was civil strife, 'twas to o'erwhelm
One being's despot reign, that Brutus gor'd
His friend, who, aiming to controul the helm,
To Rome's imperial sway, would lord it o'er her realm.

IV.

Yet here is nation against nation warring,
Freedom for right, and tyranny for power ;
Alas ! and is there no means of debarring
The rude, volcanic spirit, that would tower,
And on men's peaceful homes and dwellings, shower
The lava of his boiling ire, around ?
Ill-fated Spain, oh, luckless was the hour,
When Madrid heard the Gallic trumpet sound,
Like to the Gothic blast, which once, did Rome astound.⁽²⁾

V.

Alas ! in War, abundant are the tales
Of sorrow—rapine—blood-shed, and despair ;
'Tis then that man's malignancy, unveils
The hues of darkness, which his passions wear ;
Hypocrisy, throws off disguise and care,
And pride—lust—avarice—selfishness get sway ;
Shewing how prone to ill, our nature's are ;
But for my theme, one tale I would display,
(Tho' sorrowful, yet true,) to grace this lowly lay.

VI.

Where Guadalquivir rolls its limpid stream,
Near to thy ancient Corduba, oh! Spain,
Where nature shower'd its bounties, Sol its beam,
And all was smiling, as the golden reign,
Which bless'd the shepherds of Arcadia's plain,
Young Mariequitta dwelt;⁽³⁾ of Spanish girls,
The fairest blossom in their lovely train,
The fairest of the land, where beauty twirls
The castanet! and love, its silken flag unfurls.

VII.

Sweet are the days of youth, and sweet the hours
Of rural mirth—and innocence—and ease;
When hope leads fancy to her sylvan bowers,
Where nought but fragrant perfumes, fan the breeze,
And time hath not impregnated disease,
Into the pores; where care with age, soon creeps,
And young desire, with Iris-plumage flees,
As the brisk bee, from flow'r to flow'r, and steeps
His lips, all honey'd o'er, then on as blythely leaps.

VIII.

Such were the hours, that Mariequitta knew ;
And love had lately brush'd her with his wing,
And whisper'd in her ear, a tale more true,
Than he attunes, oft in his wandering :
And had infus'd his sweets without his sting,
Stealing upon her heart as summer's air,
Which stirs a bed of roses blossoming ;
Pure as the orison of childhood's prayer,
Fond as the mother's breast, who clasps her infant ca te.

IX.

And oh, the blushing half averted cheek,
When Felix met that lustre-gem'd dark eye ;
Timidly tender, then, its glance would speak
Those thoughts of teeming sensibility,
Which o'er the aspect of the features fly,
More forcibly than language could express ;
Nor did the heart of Felix, marvel why,
At those soft tell-tales of her tenderness !
He too, had questioned Love, whose soft reply was, " Yes."

X.

Oh, who can watch the eye where beauty shines,
Nor thrill with rapture's charms beneath its gaze,
Nor wish to homage that which Love enshrines,
With the pure halo of its heavenly rays?
The cheek's pale rose-dyed sheen, the smile which plays
Sweetly impressive, o'er the features cast,
As the soft tender glow of autumn's days,
Leaving a sweeter memory as it pass'd,
As flowers, whose essence breath'd, hath fragrance to the
last.

XI.

And in the vale they dwelt in, all was mirth,—
Oft had they heard of, but ne'er dreamt, that War,
(Which had o'er-ran the fairest climes on earth,)
Would shortly turn its hot malignant star
Towards their peaceful homes, and drive its car,
Scorching like Phaeton, the abodes of men:
Ah! then the drum would drown the soft guitar,
And anguish, Death, and discord make a den,
Of their now peaceful vale—Contentment's denizen.

XII.

Dark treason soon supplied what Force could not ;
Ambition's slave, (whose curse had lately drown'd
Europe with blood and tears,) with heinous plot
Now seiz'd possession of Hesperia's ground ;
Little he deem'd,—that some would there be found
Patient in woe, and patriot-like in mind ;
But that the portent of his name's dark sound,
(Borne like the thunder-clap upon the wind,)
Would awe their hearts to bend, to Slavery's yoke resign'd.

XIII.

But soon was leagued full many a mountain band ;
What ! though the foe had rush'd from East to West,
And let his eagles loose upon the land,
Devouring and destroying ; some, possess'd
Of daring minds, and fir'd with Freedom's zest,
Fled to their sierra's fastnesses and hold ;
And 'mongst the few, young Felix with the rest,
Could not look tamely on with spirit bold,
To see oppression's chain around his country roll'd.

XIV.

The vale he lov'd,—the friends so softly dear,—
And that fair form in which his heart delighted;
Ah, luckless fate! how often dost thou sere
Our fairest hopes! how often hast thou blighted
Youth's most devoted vision,—too short sighted;
Gone, as a meteor, or a summer's leaf,
Tearing asunder those whom Love united:
Who could have seen thee, in a space so brief,
Turning those smiles to tears?—that merriment to grief!

XV.

Oh! he who fosters hope, will often find
The smile he coins, but glisten to deceive;—
And he who pictures pleasure in his mind
Will often lack its joys;—he who will weave
Fair visions of the brain, and can believe
The flitting colourings of his fancy's beam,
Will ever have a host of ills to grieve:
Joys are not lasting as their shadows seem,—
And oft we stamp as fact, what Fancy did but dream.

XVI.

And oh ! that farewell parting hour was come,
Tears, sighs, and all that Sorrow doth respire,
Tokens of love were her's ;—even that home
She would have flown from,—but, alas ! her sire
Grown so infirm with years, as to require
All that a child's attention should bestow ;—
Here filial love silenc'd at once desire,—
Striving to soothe her tender heart of woe,
With thoughts that happier days would recompence the
blow !

XVII.

And two revolving moons had pass'd away
Since Felix from his love and home had gone ;
Tidings were brought of feuds, each coming day,
Yet they were doubtful, or but little known :
At length the cloud of war came thickening on,
Darkening, o'er Andalusia's verdant plain ;
Already were Morena's summits won,
And the loose foe, whom nothing could restrain,
Bringing Dismay and Death, and Havock in his train.

XVIII.

Brief be my tale, where Grief its burthen is ;—
One morn the foe broke in upon their vale,
Making that peaceful spot a dark abyss
Of every horror that can well assail :
The shriek of death,—the matron's,—virgin's wail,
The riot of intemperance and hate ;—
A childless parent's or an orphan's tale,
Soon had to grieve at the dark deeds of fate,
And curse the harden'd fiends, who could such scenes
create.

XIX.

But to my sequel,—how shall words describe
What, Mariequitta and her sire befell ?
Behold ! some ruffians of that lawless tribe
Broke in, where Love was won't alone to dwell ;
And seizing her with a lascivious yell,
Tore her, (when clinging,) from her parent's arms :
He, in his frenzy, rushing to repel,
Was struck to Earth, and Life's last spirit warms
To curse the hands, that now, defil'd his daughter's charms.

XX.

And passion sated, there it left her form,
Pale, fall'n, and faded,—all but life now fled,—
E'en as a rosebud blasted by the storm,—
Struck by the whirlwind to its parent bed,
Where yesterday it rose its lovely head,
Fragrant and fresh, and glittering in dew ;
Ah wither Hope ! ah, why deceit thus spread,
That, like the Dead sea's fruit, art fair in hue,
But inwardly all dust, and ashes to the view.

XXI.

For oh, she never woke to Reason more !
Sorrow and suffering had subdued her mind ;
That ray of Nature's light was clouded o'er,
And left a frame all tenantless behind ;—
E'en as a ruined structure, where the wind
Murmurs with strange confused sound,—devoid
Of sense,—thus thought flits loose and uncombin'd,
Till day on day, left nature unsupplied ;
This could not last,—she sleeps by her lov'd parent's side.

XXII.

Muse, twine a cypress garland round thy lyre ;
Maids, weep the fairest of thy sister-band,—
She, who could once the smile of mirth inspire,
In grace,—in look,—the loveliest of the land,
Nipt like a flower, by Fate's untimely hand !
And Felix came to find a desert spot
Where every charm once glow'd,—as if the wand
Of some destructive power, had chos'n to blot
Its charms from Nature's face, and seal its mournful lot !

XXIII.

O'er that green sod which mark'd the tenement
Where she, he lov'd, in sleep eternal lay,
An oath of vengeance 'gainst the foe he sent,
Who tore her in her loveliness away,
By secret stealth, or contest's open fray ;
Revenge looks only to the end it swore,
And well did he their deed of blood repay ;
He liv'd to hurl the few to Hades shore,
To see Gaul fly his land, and peace her smiles restore

XXIV.

Ambition has no palliative ; the curse
Stands frowning o'er the self-rebellious mind ;
And greater empire does but more immerse
And give it greater scope, when so inclin'd,
To trample on the heir-looms of mankind ;
And still aspiring where there's aught to gain,
With means to act, nor conscience qualms to bind,
Prometheus-like, it dooms itself to pain,
Mortgaging future bliss for things, at best, but vain !

XXV.

Yet who shall teach mankind ?—'tis not in man,
In volumes written by the saint or sage,
In all morality's concerted plan,
Nor tenets of philosophy, t'assuage
That keen desire, which ever borne to wage
War, 'twixt Man's reason, and the demon—Pride,
Keeps virtue down in constant vassalage ;
And few there are once launch'd on grandeur's tide,
Strive to resist its stream, nor turn their bark aside ;

XXVI.

But go where'er it glides, and ev'n at times,
Dip the propelling oar to waft them on ;
And flattery's tongue will varnish over crimes,
For habit is our second nature's tone,
Corrupting life, our first ; and tho' well known,
The bar 'twixt good and evil, yet our hearts
(Since our first parent's forfeit), are not grown
Less vulnerable 'gainst the pow'ful darts
Which passion's throes implant, or luxury imparts

XXVII.

Lo ! he who draws this judgment of the breast,
This man of power and pride, hath marshall'd forth
The flower of all his hosts, and rear'd his crest
To march against the empire of the North,
Aspiring to the sov'reignty of earth ;
Such his unsatiated soul would claim,
As if no other monarchy were worth
Dominion over, and no other name
Glorious, unless it could all equal Cæsar's fame.

XXVIII.

And there is gathering over Europe's face,
A storm of death and darkness, and dismay ;
Assembling round, are bands of every race,
Who, to the despot dare not utter, "Nay,"
Aw'd or enthrall'd beneath his iron sway,
Oh, servile crew, his triumphs to maintain :
And thousands in gigantic dread array,
Crowd to the confines of Sarmatia's plain,
'Till Niemen's banks appear, steel'd with the gorgeous
train.

XXIX.

Leave we thy theme, Hispania for awhile,
To tell the portent of ambition's care ;
Mark, Austria—Prussia—Germany, now file
Their columns, in this mighty deed to share ;
How blind not then to sift the subtle snare,
Which all, have had such latent cause to know,
He, who hath felt the serpent, will beware
How he proceeds, so he should shun the foe,
Who lurks with venom'd fang, to deal a vital blow.

XXX.

But every age hath harbour'd vice and fools,
 And man, vain pageant, is not grown so wise
 With all his learning, and with all his rules,
 As to know justly what he ought to prize,
 Or, of more import, what he should despise ;
 Power, will have parasites, and sin, support,
 And bare-fac'd folly stalk without disguise,
 And interest too much knavery not to court,
 Each means to gain its end, for policy's resort.

XXXI.

Away with reasoning, and behold, the host
 Led by one man's ambition-heated mind ;
 Shall justice here, or honour, dare to boast,
 When met to crush the freedom of mankind ?
 For those who lend their aid, if once combin'd,
 Could bruise the monster's head, and all his seed ;
 But no, until, the Russian dar'd unbin'd
 His hands from thralldom, link'd to Gallia's creed,
 Albion alone stood forth to combat, and be freed :—

XXXII.

Yet after years of despotism and war,
 'Twas an inspiring and ennobling sight,
 To see fair Liberty's resplendent star
 Dart from the North, and shine with ray so bright ;
 Tho' Borodino's and Smolensko's fight
 Did not prove adverse to oppression's power :
 Fate had in store its vengeance to requite,
 And Fortune, who had lavish'd long her dower,
 Bethought it was now time to cease her golden shower.

XXXIII.

Within the City of the Czars, 'twas first
 The Muscovite had schem'd the awful blow,
 Which the successes of the Gaul revers'd ;
 Stern sacrifice ! the lighten'd torches glow,
 And falling Moscow knows no faithless foe :
 Around the Kremlin burst the vivid fire
 Whose greedy flames laid pile on palace low,
 To save from trammels of dominion dire ;
 And in its embers hot, th' invader's hopes expire.

XXXIV.

How like the fire-girt scorpion's, must have been
The heated madness thro' that brain which beat,
As it survey'd the fiercely flaming scene,
And wildly look'd around to find retreat;
Treading the Kremlin's halls with hasty feet,
Panting for strife, yet pondering in delay,
Pausing for fortune, who came not to greet,
As she had wonted many a former day,
Until at length, despair shouting, "Away! away!"

XXXV.

Came with his haggard look, and hollow rave;
Yet did the aspect of his form bespeak
Something of scorn, for pointing to the grave,
A hectic sneer of phrenzy cross'd his cheek,
And on his tongue, a murmur said, "Now wreak,"
(Looking at vengeance,) "thy long brooded hate,
"There is thy foe, misfortune hath made meek;
"Seize on the moment, when an adverse fate
"Frowns on his falling fortunes, to retaliate!"

XXXVI.

And on a sudden, those who lately rais'd
The hyena's cry in their abandon'd chase,
Turn'd to depart ; and sullenly now gaz'd,
To see that pathway destin'd to retrace,
Where nought but terror star'd them in the face :
All they had caus'd, this, and more must they feel,
Mix'd with the bitter portion of disgrace !
Hunger—fatigue—cold—want—th'avenging steel ;
Such have the elements, and fates in store to deal.

XXXVII.

Then wintry Boreas with its storms and snows,
Fierce from the pole, came howling from its caves,
Sent by the mighty Thor,⁽⁴⁾ to deal its woes ;
And soon the earth was whiten'd, as the waves,
When froth'd by winds, and ocean's foams and raves ;
Or like the desert, save that food, instead
Of the parch-healing draught, the bosom craves ;
These are th'increasing ills, and many a head
Sends its last murmuring groan, from off its snowy bed,—

XXXVIII.

Where, stiffen'd by the cold, and blanch'd as pale
As monumental marble bust it lay ;
Foretelling many round the awful tale
Of what awaited them 'ere close of day,
Or 'ere the morrow beam'd its wintry ray :
And every feeling, save the one is left,
None heed their friends,⁽⁶⁾ but on each other prey,
To save the slender clue to life that's left,
Rather than leave to wolves, the emaciated gift,—

XXXIX.

Of their lean carcasses, (Ambition's martyrs ;)
Yet have they deadlier foes, for on that route,
Each rude barbaric tribe of warring Tartars,
Cossack or Calmuck, all, infest about,
Charging the mass now, with a hellish shout,
Deeply appalling to the host forlorn ;
Or, watching vengefully, to single out
Some sinking straggler, famished, and way-worn,
Whose icy lips have but the power to curse the morn,—

XL.

Which led him there, when the death-dealing lance,
Wreaks out the little life that's left within ;
And as he sends above his dying glance,
Hears his soul usher'd *there*, with the wild din
And curse of foes, as his recording hymn
Into eternity's appalling pale !
Which shuts the bar of penitence, if sin
Hath been the element, by whose hot gale
We have been wafted on, with a too spreading sail.

XLI.

At length on Bertésina's rugged banks,
Misery encompass'd with its direst want ;⁽⁶⁾
Famine—fatigue had thinn'd their haggard ranks,
Whilst those who all past horrors still surmount,
Look as the ghastly forms of woe, that haunt
The Stygian shore: yet must they still put forth
Against their gathering foes, determin'd front,
To stand the hardy warriors of the North ;
For 'tis misfortune's test, proves what the man is worth.

XLII.

Adversity doth try the soul, as ore
 Is tried and temper'd by the fiercer fire;
 In fortune, where's the misery to deplore,
 Install'd in all hope's dowery and desire?
 But when the smiles that wooed us, all expire,
 And clouds and tempests round us howl and shower;
 When ruin spits the deadliest of its ire,
 'Tis in the awfulness of such an hour,
 That honour shows its strength, and firmness proves its
 power.

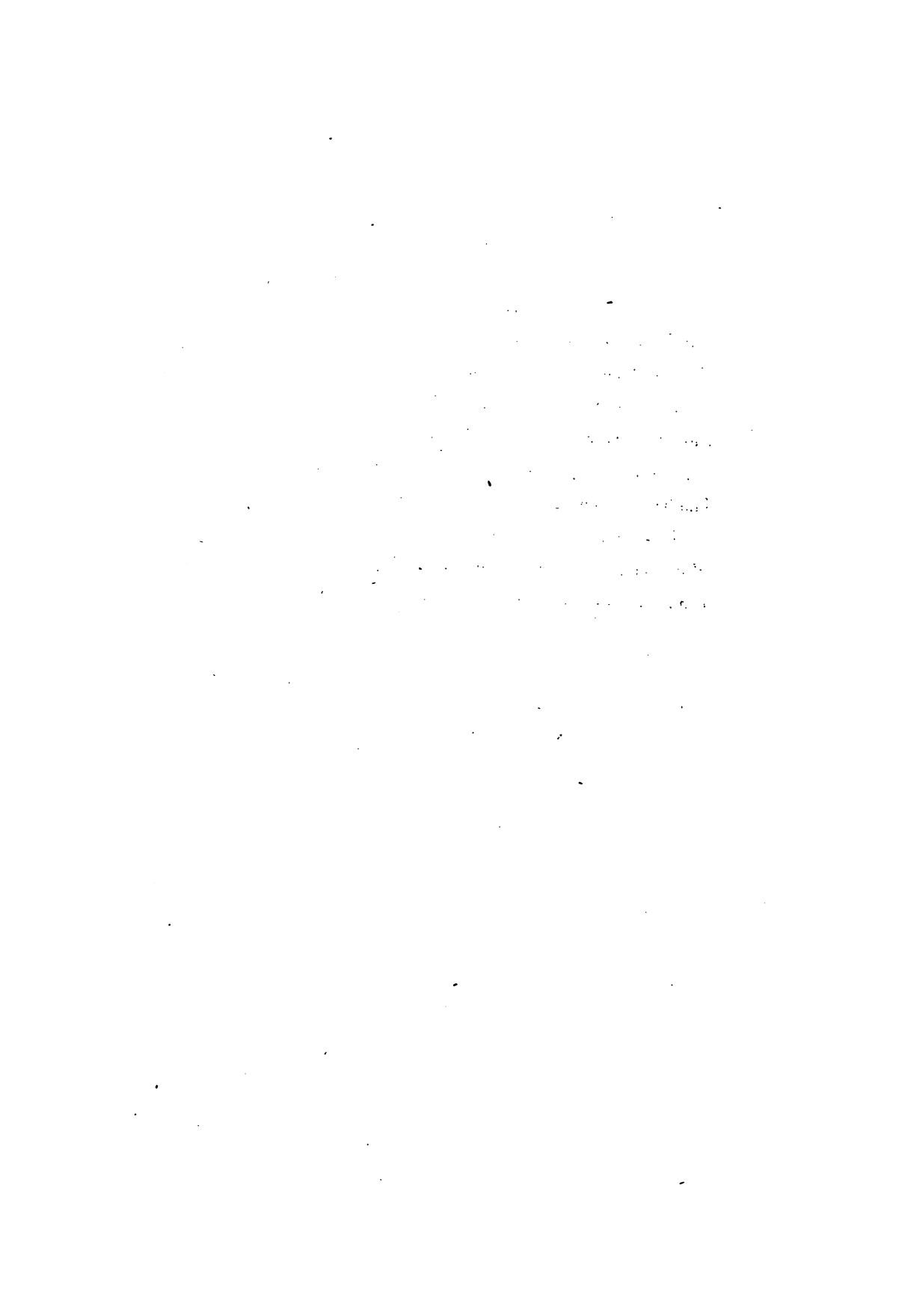
XLIII.

But in that desperate hour of life and death,
 When firmness needed all its energy,
 Then, despot, wert thou first thy sword to sheath;⁽⁷⁾
 When bold example should have led the cry
 To bravest deeds, then didst thou basely fly,
 Like the vile felon, in his close disguise;
 Daring to make that cynical reply,⁽⁸⁾
 Which ought to have awaken'd Gallia's eyes,
 Showing the thing thou wert, and what they should despise.

XLIV.

But future page shall tell enough of thee,
Classing thee with thy prototypes of War ;
Such as the Hun or Vandal ^(e) wilt thou be,
Darting thro' record thy malignant star ;
A guide for conquering fiends, who, born to jar
The happiness and freedom of mankind,
Send rapine tow'ring on oppression's car ;
Whilst hope, and peace in fetters, dragg'd behind,
But mourn, alas ! to catch the echoes of the wind.

END OF CANTO V.



WAR OF THE ISLES.

CANTO VI.



War of the Isles.

CANTO VI.

I.

There is a freshness in thy cool air—Spring,—
A balmy lightness which pervades o'er earth,
And man and nature, round enlivening,
Gives to each object renovated birth;
A call of pleasure in thy soft wind's mirth,
Beast, bird, and insect, foliage, fruit, and flower,
Waking to life or fragrance ; in the dearth
Of time, 'tis thou alone that hast a power,
To add a splendid charm to fate's revolving hour.

II.

Nature obeys thy call, and even man
Looks to thy coming to effect his schemes,
Which winter's torpor hath giv'n him time to plan ;
Until, no sooner do thy smiling beams,
Dart forth their splendour, but adventure streams
In paths of gain and glory, power, and pride ;
And each devoted restless heart, then teems
With its o'erbrooded thoughts, and on the tide
Of destiny, sets forth, with fairest hopes allied.

III.

Far as the limit 'twixt the Poles extends,
(As the spring dawns,) on speculation's path,
His gallant bark, the trusty trader sends
To brave the Ocean's wave, and tempest's wrath .
Lo,—as subsides the stormy Winter's scath,
The husbandman now tills the moist Earth's bed,
And in the Spring, his hopes of promise hath ;
Watching the buds and flowers that brightly spread,
Their green and tinted hues,—in glowing sweetness shed.

IV.

All have their schemes bent variously in view
O'er Earth and Ocean,—good or ill, their charm ;
Some toil in virtue's cause, and some pursue
The road to rapine,—terror, and alarm,
And spurr'd by evil thoughts, each other harm :
Lo!—as Spring beams, tis War's loud trumpet blast,
Calling the watchful combatants to arms ;
Whose thirst of triumph, Winter forc'd to cast
Aside, until its storms of rigour had o'er pass'd.

V.

The vine was budding forth its tendril shoot,—
The olive tree was blossoming its green,—
The orange bower was bending with its fruit,
And Lusitania's land, spring's loveliest scene,
Fann'd by the freshness of an air serene ;
When Britain's host was marshall'd forth again
In the full glowing pride of battle's mien,
And all its gorgeous panoply, and train,
Once more to combat for, thy long striv'd rescue, Spain

VI.

Tho' Madrid's halls, again had held the foe,
And Castile's plains been subject to his prey,
Tho' Burgos' towers, had stood the threat'ning blow,
And seen the Briton, turn his step away,
Th'warted of conquest : fate, a coming day,
Within its net of destiny had wove,
Wherein with loftier port and mightier sway,
Albion, to deeds of victory would move,
And its ennobling rank to proudest triumph prove.

VII

The patriot soldier!—Freedom—there is none
Whose energy deserves a prouder name;
And all that kings have gain'd or conquerors won,
Has not a nobler or more hard-earn'd claim,
To the bright laurels of true glory!—Fame
Hath its votaries, but to him belong
The splendid tasks of honour; and his aim
Sums not the sordid reckonings, which the throng
Of despot's—hirelings seek!—for him th'approving
tongue,

VIII.

Of ages and of nations lift their voice,
Which down time's tide glides with immortal sail ;
Oh, if the soul, in War can e'er rejoice,
'Tis when the free o'er tyranny prevail,—
And (as fame's umpire) Justice in her scale
Weighs and approves of liberty's essays,
Such as earth sanctifies with Sparta's tale ;
A monument, whereon pure freedom's praise
Is graven with a truth, no time can e'er erase.

IX.

Thus with a spell of freedom, may we grant
Britannia and her sons, the generous toil
Which made that "fond ally," her banners plant,
On Lusitania's and Hispania's soil ;
Her's was no sordid view, she saw the coil
Which the enormous grasp of power had made,
To bondage Europe, and her lands despoil ;
She saw the chasm of darkness, and the shade
Ambition's dark cloud threw, then flew to freedom's aid !

X.

And rais'd her blood-cross standard there, and gave
Her treasure and her sons t'uphold its sway ;
And how she fought, and of the many brave
Who fell for Spain, now mingled with cold clay ;
Maintain'd her cause on many a bloody day,
Spain in her gratitude, must ever own ;
Behold, how justly hath her bold essay,
And Honour kept its station and its tone,
Which Spaniards owe to her pure zeal, and her's alone.

XI.

And now, again, the Duero, on its waters
Bore their proud burthen,—gloriously advancing
To meet the foe, and trial of more slaughters ;
Behold their crests and burnish'd weapons glancing
In the sun's eye,—their far-fam'd horses prancing,
As if they knew, to conquest !—still with pure
Unboasting confidence, and thus, enhancing
The merit, valour ever must secure,
Whether it meet success or adverse fates endure.

XII.

Within an amphitheatre of hills,
A spacious plain, whose beauty might surpass
The noblest, that bright fancy oft instils
Into imagination's splendid glass,
Vittoria stands; the gorgeous Sierra's mass,
Purpled and deck'd in many colour'd dyes,
Circles the scene, whose charms of ev'ry class,
Blend and attract the interest of the eyes,
And all of nature smiles, that mind can realize.

XIII.

The undulating curve of hills along,
With verdure bright, and shady woodlands crown'd,
The glowing tints of dell and glade, where throng
Scenes, intermix'd with wood and water, wound
The rising site of the more distant ground;
With castled tower, or abbey spire on high,
The white-wall'd cottage peeping forth around,
All, 'neath the splendour of an evening sky,
These are such scenes, the sight ne'er sickens to decay.

XIV.

And gazing on such scenes, we turn away
Warm with delight ;—Oh, who can muse the hour
O'er smiling Earth in all its bright array
And emerald garb,—from the sweet budding flower
To the tall tree, whose spreading branches tower,
Nor glory Nature's ever fostering hand,
Who bless'd her children with such bounteous dower,
When they look forth and see such gifts expand,—
Even, as, at Earth's dawn, she smiled o'er Eden's land.—

XV.

And, lo,— the yellow harvest springing round,
The peasant's honest industry and care,
Its golden tresses waving on the ground ;
Behold this, War!—yet tis not thine to spare
Such fertile promise,— here, will be thy lair,—
For fierce Bellona mocks at Ceres' bloom,
Waves her gaunt arm and torch-light thro' the air ;
And hovering, as the raven o'er a tomb,
Soon will the smiling spot and all its gifts consume.

XVI.

Rock, river, forest, mountain,—all they yield,
From the vine clustering with its purple weight,
To the less luscious promise of the field,
Bidding Man revel in this life's estate,
These, might be deem'd, would justly compensate
And crown contentment ;—all that these bestow
When Nature opens forth her golden gate
And bids him bask in plenty's smile :— But no,—
He would have more than this ;—then let him have the
woe!—

XVII.

Which springs from restless longings, and the dregs
Of his own cup, from Passion's heated hour,—
Or Pride's, which tiptoed on its o'erstretch'd legs,
Takes an immeasurable stride to power !
But falling in the balance,—has no dower,
Beyond the dust its feverish lips must press :—
Oh, e'en when Fortune's fiercest ray doth shower
All, this Earth grants,—say can it dispossess
Sin of its load, or make Truth dart one glimpse the less ?

XVIII.

'Gainst those who spurn'd her counsels ;—but alas,
As we look down this life's uncertain tide,
And catch the varied visions as they pass,—
We see but views to power, or pelf, or pride,
Days—years—misspent, and all the schemes man tried,
Vainly, to buoy up, on the stream of life,
(Wrought from a shadow,) to a shadow dyed;
For few have trodden earth, and 'scap'd the strife,
With which the mind's too restless imagery is rife.

XIX.

There is a keen philosophy of soul
Required to stem the current of desire,
To check the mind's o'erboiling thought's controul,
Whose ceaseless tide so given to aspire,
Still ever strives upon adventure, higher,
Making men's thoughts at length, their bitterest foes;
This unrestrain'd, the more than all doth fire,
The soul against itself, nor ever knows
The how, to satiate thirst, or lull the bosom throes.

XX.

And this is in ambition's feverish aim,
And all whom stirring natures vainly goad ;
For of the many who strive on to fame,
How few there are who reach her high abode,
But having gain'd some steps, sink to the road,
Where thousands have, and thousands still must tread ;
Bearing the fretting and uneasy load
Of hot desire and envy, with the head,
Distemper'd from the dreams which phantasy hath spread ;

XXI.

'Till reaching soon, eternity's dark sea,
They fall and sink into its yeast of wave,
With no one link to immortality,
Save what is promised all, beyond the grave ;
Born not for greatness, tho' its veriest slave :—
On earth, unnoted as the grain of sand
On some wide shore, which ocean's billows lave,
Whilst few, the master-spirits of the land,
(Whose names, must last thro' time,) as beacons towering
stand,—

XXII.

To guide to safety, or to warn from woes ;
Bequeathing their hereditary acts,
To unborn ages ; who as friends or foes,
Have left on record's page, the graven facts
To vice or virtue ; some as cataracts,
Who thunder'd chaos on mankind's repose ;
And some as brilliant as the stream, which tracts,
Gathering surrounding beauty as it glows,
With time, the ocean whence their tide of praise reflows.

XXIII.

Greek, Roman, Goth, or Vandal,—Frank, or Moor,
And since their tythe of record and of fame,
Each modern race, who through creation's door,
Have sprung to shine awhile, on this earth's frame,
Then leave to time the pass-word of a name,
(For all is perishable here beside,)
To each of these is link'd the immortal claim
Of some deserving breasts,—to whom allied,
Honour looks up with praise, and virtue too, with pride!

XXIV.

Or the eternal curse, which ages dart
On those, whose vice triumphant, or the guilt
Of desolating war, and heinous art,
In blacken'd memory a mark hath built,
To stamp the crimes they urg'd, or blood they spilt;
And when thy hand, oh Time, shall sweep away
Those who now tread thy threshold,—as thou wilt,
And years and ruins heap upon their clay,
Such as the past, will be fame's beings of to day!

XXV.

Conquerors, whom empire, or whom freedom fir'd;
Statesman, whom patriotism, or party mov'd;
Sages, who justice, or who law, admir'd;
And Saints, who heav'n, or sophistry have lov'd;
Virtue be-prais'd in these, there vice reprov'd,
With good or ill report,—th'omnipotence
Of old opinions, ne'er to be remov'd,
Whose powers thro' lengthen'd vistas still condense,
And force their rays upon the soul's suspicious sense.

XXVI.

But let that rest for time to tell the tale,
'Tis not for us to judge, but Him, who made,—
When from the heaven's, his glory shall unveil
The mysteries, which from earth his word forbade;
Where good or ill alike, will be repaid
With its own measure: let it man suffice
To answer there, if he has disobey'd,
And pay the appalling forfeit for his vice,
Without one hope to woo a claim to Paradise,

XXVII.

With all War's curses 'tis a glorious sight
To see the phalanx, in its bolt array,
Vestures, and glittering arms, and ensigns bright,
And hearts whom custom's join'd to valour's sway,
Have led to launch, unshaken, in the fray;
Even when reason bids our breast condemn
The cause which led on either to essay,
And spill their fellow blood;—valour's a gem,
Which earth must ever prize in honour's diadem.

XXVIII.

It was a splendid morn,—Vittoria's towers
 And spires gleam'd brightly in the rising sun,
 And he who view'd her beauty and her bowers,
 Would scarce have deem'd that blood and tears would run
 Warm and profusely there, ere day was done ;—
 But Fate controuls man's destiny, and mars
 Hope, Joy and Fortune, oft when nearest won,
 And life is subject to a thousand jars
 Which cut off Man 'midst all his schemes, as fall the stars !

XXIX.

Upon a ridge above Zadorra's banks,
 And sweeping downwards o'er the lengthening plain,
 Lo, the mock king array'd the Gallic ranks⁽¹⁾
 Where gather'd were,—the plunder of his reign,—
 His court,—and all the hirelings of his train ;—
 Poor pageant of a part,—to bear the shame
 Of all his shrewder brother might ordain,—
 Without the notoriety of name,
 Which artful talents, or which cunning vice may claim ;—

XXX.

But he the despot !—wherefore did he place
Power into hands obsequious, low and vile?
And crowns upon the heads of all his race ?
But that his word, should be their law the while,
And all be crouching to his frown or smile;
Holland, Westphalia,—Italy, and Spain,
Each had been link'd up in the iron coil ;
And he, their leader, who had grasp'd the chain,
Goaded the fetter'd slaves,—where'er Pride fir'd his
brain.

XXXI.

Heard ye a sound of music in the breeze?—
Mark'd ye a glittering from yon mountain height?—
Lo, as the vapour, with the morning flees,
Unveiling Nature with its orb of light,
Albion's brave columns hastening to the fight
Yon hills descend, and clearer than before
The sounds approach ;—the red vests glitter bright,
Till, crash ! there bursts the loud artillery's roar
In dreadful peal,—as when, thunders arouse the shore.

XXXII.

Such was the signal of opposing arms,
Till to one awful roar the contest grew;
Each feat of prowess the encounter warms
As the stern messengers of havoc flew;—
And, to give valour praise which is its due,
Did the Frank soldier sternly there contend
For the last rood of ground;—for well he knew,
Or deem'd, —how soon to prove his country's friend,
His valour would be call'd, her limits to defend.—

XXXIII.

The sound is giv'n, and France for refuge flies,
All seeking flight in one wild multitude!
Horse, foot, and follower, charioteer,—each vies
With wearied limb, to 'scape the thickening feud,
And vigour's powers for safety, are renew'd;
For few there are, when Fate so frowns, who heed
But selfish ends, which nature hath imbued
Mankind so strongly with, which is its creed,
Spite all that mercy tends, as an immortal need.

XXXIV.

Then rose the scene of rapine and dismay,
Then shriek'd the timid female breast with fear,
As thro' that mass, the soldier forc'd his way,
Nor paus'd to question in his hot career ;
And gold, and treasure, gather'd far and near,
The plunder of the Gaul, the guilty prize
Of many a daring wretch, and deadly year,⁽²⁾
Gave a too glittering welcome to his eyes,
And a temptation which, the heart of some—defies.

XXXV.

Thus whilst the bands of Britain, from the field,
Drove the Frank robber, stript of all his prey,
Some few ignoble bosoms who would yield
To the quick sense of rapine's stronger sway,
Turn'd from the chase, and triumphs of the day ;
And soon the spot was one tumultuous crowd,
Chest, car, and chariot ransack'd, to display
Its riches and contents, until the road
Seem'd one throng'd mart of things ;—now raiment of the
proud,—

XXXVI.

Bedeck'd the vulgar throng, and soon the dress
Of royalty, on menial forms was seen,
And robes that once grac'd dames of loveliness,
Now vestur'd some less titled harlot's mien,
Perchance the garb of one, who 'erst had been
The dalliance of a king, and snatch'd the joys
In looser hours from a neglected queen ;
For no pure love have princes ; one heart cloy
Their feeling, and to them, women are but as toys.

XXXVII.

But why heed not the crowd yon chariot there,
And but a momentary glance convey,
As if it held no object worthy care ?
Behold the sight ! in lifelessness there lay
A female form,⁽⁸⁾ expression's parting ray
Still hung around her face, and thro' the fringe
Of her eyes half clos'd lids, ye might survey
The darkness of its beam, for yet no tinge
Of pallid death was there, which when its shafts
unhinge,—

XXXVIII.

Life from the mortal frame, soon doth eclipse
The beauty of the cheek, and from the eye,
Brushes the living lustre, whilst the lips
Are robb'd of all their rich carnation dye,
Which gave the smile its sweetness ; albeit, why
On loveliness, and these expatiate,
Look there, and ask, of stern philosophy,
What these avail, when such would be the fate
Which comes, love, life, and all, thus to annihilate ?

XXXIX.

But who was she ? there is no tongue to tell ;
And all the eye can now discern, is where
The fatal shot rang her last earthly knell,
And pierc'd a bosom that was sweetly fair ;
And yet her mien, her native looks, declare
Spain as her native land : but what or whom ?
If chaste, or led to error's fatal snare ?
There is no voice to tell what was her doom,
Nor friend to shroud her corpse, and weep her to the tomb.

XL.

She died in youth, and peace be to her dust !
Oh, if deluded, and so young ! may Heaven
(To whom we all the more or less must trust
For imperfections, *there* to be forgiven,)
Look gently on her faults ;—she might have striven
Long with the demon, but as all are frail,
Not until importunity had driven
The deepest shaft with which it could assail,
Might she have fallen ;—then, if such be her sad tale—

XLI.

Stranger be merciful !⁽⁴⁾ for as we look,
Nor harshly judge of others, so may we
Expect return ; 'tis written in the book
Which tells us, of what *was* and is *to be*,
Open to all men in eternity
And they who have been enemies to mankind,
Or those who only were their own foe ! HE
Who rules the storm, the ocean, and the wind,
A judgment unto each, proportionate will find !

END OF CANTO VI.

WAR OF THE ISLES.

CANTO VII.

War of the Isles.

CANTO VII.

I.

How varied are the feelings we possess,
Which eye, which ear, taste, touch, or sense impart,
Yielding a charm, a glow, a tenderness ;
Giving delight and rapture to the heart,
The gift of nature, or the work of art ;
The pulse of passion, or of reason's sway,
All on the sensual powers, or soul, (that mart
Of good or evil purport,) thus convey
Pleasure, desire, or love, on the intellectual ray.

II.

'Tis sweet at even-tide to see the sun
In its bright throne of azure, and of gold,
Send forth its deep vermilion rays, upon
Earth and her works ; 'tis lovely to behold,
The bright expanse of ocean, which hath roll'd
Its waves for ages past, smoothly serene,
And watch the stately ship thereon, (the mould
Of man's creative hand,) glide o'er the green
Broad sheet of waters, adding grandeur to the scene.

III.

'Tis joyful to survey the fruits of earth
In smiling plenteousness, and beauty shine ;
To watch the blossom from its earliest birth,
'Till it expands itself and forms a shrine,
For the bee's revels ; and the garland vine,
Profusely rich with grapes, luscious and bright,
Which yield to man, the rosy tempting wine,
Electrifying oft with wild delight,
And which in social hours, his sorrows can requite.

IV.

'Tis grateful to inhale at early dawn,
The balmy air, as the lark upward springs,
And carols forth its gladness to the morn;
To court the zephyr, which the fragrance brings,
From many a perfum'd flower, whose blossomings
Are freshen'd by the dew-drops; blythe to hear,
Nature then stirring, as the green-wood rings,
With the plum'd songster's wild notes, sweet and clear,
Whilst health thrills on the frame, and music on the ear.

V.

'Tis pleasing to behold kind friendship's greet
In happiness and health, who long were parted;
Touching to view th' embrace, when bosoms meet,
Who had their loves and brightest prospects thwarted
By cruel Fate, or kindredness, stern-hearted;
And, oh! should beauty on the virgin-cheek,
And grace throughout the form, their charms have
darted!
Glowing the admiration we would speak,
Did not expression's power 'midst rapture prove too weak?

VI.

'Tis beautiful, when on some lofty ground,
To stand and gaze upon th' expanse below ;
When Summer gilds the smiling plain around,
To view the trees, whose varied foliage glow,
Rich with the sunbeams, and to mark the flow,
Where silvery winding rivers gleam through, bright
As smiles of joy, which come to lighten woe ;
And towns, and hamlets interspers'd, whose site
'Midst the enliven'd scene, attractively invite.

VII.

'Tis glorious to muse by starry night,
On heav'n, and all its host of bodies there ;
Viewing them in redundancy of light,
Innumerably scatter'd : whence or where
Moving within their orbits, we scarce dare
Venture opinion on, for all now known
Is, that th'omniscience of a Godhead's care,
Who rules whate'er is made from his high throne,
Thus bountifies vain man in what his will hath shown.

VIII.

Yet striking to the sense, as are all these,
Still are there feelings springing in the breast,
Rous'd by the warmth of reason's energies,
Which virtue's praises joyfully attest :
'Tis to view freedom lift its daring crest,
And toil against oppression, till the might
Of lofty triumph from the undepress'd
Spirit, in contest turns the scale aright,
And hope resumes its smile, and liberty its light.

IX.

Lo, as the night withdraws its sombre shroud,
And rising on the heav'ns, the crimson streak
Of morning, lights the gorgeous glowing cloud,
Ev'n as the rose hue does the beauteous cheek
Of a fair woman, mark that mountain peak !
Peering o'er all, and blending with the skies ;
Making the nearer landscape seem but meek,
Contrasted, as in proud gigantic size,
Nature's huge pyramids the Pyrennees arise.

X

Ye hills of strength, that from Pyréné bore,
Your noted name thro' her unhappy tale ;⁽¹⁾
Whose giant barrier touches either shore,
Which ocean laves, and whose high tops assail
The clouds of heav'n, that hurried by the gale,
Flit round your hoary summits, clad with frost ;
Oh, in Rome's haughtiest days, say, did ye hail
A nobler, or a prouder free-born host,
Than Albion's now, who 'midst your towering rocks and
coast,—

XI.

Aspire as Freedom's champions ! Not the fame
Of Pompey's phalanx, he, whom Egypt's strand,
Took weltering to its bosom ; not the name,
In fight of Cæsar's legions ; not the band
Which once proud Carthage launch'd upon the land,
Crossing your wild paths, conquering their foes,
Even unto th' eternal City's stand,
Where fortune fail'd them :⁽²⁾ none have trod your snows,
Around whose valorous deeds, a brighter splendour glows.

XII.

Oh, Roncesvalles, long renown'd in song,
Fam'd in the minstrel's wild, chival'rous strain,
For brave Orlando, in the battle strong,
And conflicts of imperial Charlemain ;
Oh, Roncesvalles fam'd in war ; again,
And gloriously as thou wert nam'd of yore,
Shall history's muse send forth its glowing train
Of thoughts, to give thee splendid place once more
Amidst fair freedom's deeds, and chivalry's bright yore,—

XIII.

In rude magnificence of pomp array'd ;
Here fiction led the minstrel's soul, and plac'd
Its splendour and enchantments,⁽⁵⁾ where display'd,
Pois'd chivalry, its lance in armour cas'd,
And blazing shield of triumph, and where grac'd,
By crested chieftain's and delighting dames,
(Whose pride of prowess or of charms was trac'd,
In the sought preference which each bosom claims,)
Bright chivalry conven'd its tournaments and games.

XIV.

The herald-trump proclaims the bold career,
The lists are marshall'd, and the champion seen,
In coat of mail, shield, gauntlet, sword and spear;
Each stern antagonist of valiant mien,
Whose snorting steed as conscious of the scene,
Paws the loose ground, and curves its high arch'd-crest,
As anxious as its rider, for the keen
And hot encounter, nor will stand at rest,
'Till sounded is the signal,—when with fiery zest,—

XV.

Plunging the rowel in its glossy side,
(With vizor lower'd, and levell'd lance,) forth fly
The eager combatants in warlike pride,
Elated with the hope of victory,
And stirring thought, that every gazing eye,
Seated in expectation, round will hail,
Honour to him, whose arm's dexterity
Gains the fight's triumphs! and bright smiles prevail
In beauty's soft looks there, and praises loud assail.

XVI.

But this is past, no more the days are seen,
And storied volumes, but record the fight,
Of what Sir Amadis' exploits have been,
And the atchieves of many a gallant knight ;
These only shine thro' the half shrouded light,
Of dim obscurity, as some wild lay
Of minstrels, or romance's stores invite,
To list the actions of an olden day,
And lighten fancy in creative-bright array.

XVII.

Lo, on these crests, where sight at once surveys,
(When Phoebus is on high, and heav'n is clear,
With no one cloud obstructing its bright rays,)
Gallia and Spain, here brilliantly now rear,
Th' opposing banners of each nation ; here,
On the mountains, lo ! War's shouts resound,
The thunder-clap, prophetically drear,
Rings along top to top, whilst loud rebound
Its echoes thro' the vale, in murmuring tones around

XVIII.

And Roncesvalles heard the war-cry first,
Amidst its mountain precipices, deep
And deadly to the ear, the summons burst!
As earthquakes which on buried souls in sleep,
Awake them to its horrors, as they leap,
Startled from off their couches ; or the shocks,
The bounding vessel meets with in her sweep,
When dash'd by ocean, on some hidden rocks,
Which to her awe-struck crew, Eternity unlocks.

XIX.

And each hill-top along that mountain land,
Bristles with angry weapons ; now must skill,
And courage in each stern opposing band,
Decide where war its clarion trump will fill ;
Whether Navarre shall hear its hoarse sounds still,
Or France be now awakened to its blast,
To stir more keenly the oppressor's will,
To rouse him in his den, and see him cast
His last hopes to the die, and prove his fortunes pass'd.

XX.

Still, three succeeding suns, the battle's roar,
Rings in the welkin, and the hills around ;
The eagles summon'd from their eyries, soar
Along the sky, now perching near the ground,
Which slaughter last, hath with its banquet crown'd ;
And the wild Iazard, from its still retreat,⁵
Where it had calmly brows'd with startled bound,
Leaps along crag to crag with nimble feet,
Fearfully flying, as from the keen hunter's beat.

XXI.

Let not fate question this event of war,
Suffice that Britain well maintain'd her name ;
Again, did mark'd defeat's inglorious star,
Shed down on Gallia its pale waning flame,
As if a symbol of expiring fame,
Which threatened to withdraw her gifts misus'd,
Converted only to ambition's aim,
Grieving to see the noblest powers abus'd,
Which fortune there in boundless lavish had diffused.

XXII.

The world is as an ocean, where the wars
Which agitate its bosom are design'd,
Like to the stormy elements, whose cars
Whirl in convuls'd commotion, and like wind
And wave which send in fury unconfin'd,
Their murmurs to the skies ; such are the loud
Confus'dly mingling voices of mankind,
As the shrill jargon of the selfish crowd,
The turbulent, the vain, the vicious, and the proud,—

XXIII.

Send up the baleful incense of their hearts,
To the dire delug'd altar ; where sit pride,
Hatred, ambition, avarice ! whose arts
Practice upon men's frailties, and deride
The petty vanity, which strives to stride
Beyond the bounds to which all mortal task
Is compass'd ; for oh, vain it were to hide
'Neath virtue's faiths, or candour's borrow'd mask,
The mind's low cunningness :—Believe ye not ? then
ask,—

XXIV.

Adduce, expound, search, scrutinize, and scan
The records of all time, the storied themes
Which usher to our view the heart of man,—
Ambition's enterprizes, pride's vain dreams,
Deceit's devices, avarice's schemes,
Hate's working brain, and stern revenge, whose vile
Passion, from wounded feeling ever streams :
Lust, miscall'd love, and selfishness, whose wiles
By mammon urg'd, alone on its own fortune smiles ;

XXV.

For these engross its chieftest purports ; these
Chain frail mortality's unsettled views,
Beyond all other charms, to plan and please ;
Evil eclipses goodness, with its hues
Of darkness here, even as clouds suffuse,
Mostly heaven's canopy of milder light,
Now dimming the rich sunbeam, which imbues
Earth with its radiance, and the stars, whose bright
And sparkling gems, adorn the dark veil of the night.

XXVI.

The veil of night, and such the page of time,
 Bound in eternity's vast volume; where,
 Like to the stars, that more or less sublime,
 Send forth their spangled rays, may earth compare
 The spirits who have been, and left a fair
 And goodly name, which memory hath amass'd:
 Yet, ah! how many are acknowledg'd *there*,
 O'er whom, 'twere well oblivion's wand had pass'd,
 Nor left a wreck for heaven in darkness to outcast.

XXVII.

'Tis strange to what a boundless track of flight,
 Imagination's powerful scope is brought;
 When heart, and soul, and feelings, all unite,
 All in the airy train of fancy, wrought
 With mingled hope, zeal, purport, passion fraught,
 And the wild mind spreads its creative wings,
 Cradling within itself a world of thought,
 Phantoms of most unutterable things,
 Fram'd in its deep recess, fed by such myriad springs.

XXVIII.

Nature, how grand thy study! how the mind
Pants to invest, explore, thy boundless ways;
Now it looks up to heav'n, in awe combin'd,
And now the worldly scene around surveys;
Each change of object, contemplation sways,
Whether heav'n, earth, or ocean; on which roll
The buoyant thoughts, in rapturous amaze,
All strike the ardent senses of the soul,
That oft o'erstep the bounds of comprehension's goal.

XXIX.

The vallies wind beneath—still far above,
Height upon height, Pyrene's summits rise,
Where, (save the wind-tongu'd clouds, which onward
move,)
Nothing arrests the ear, attracts the eyes;
There earth displays its terrors; Time which flies,
Lightly impressing the enpeopled plain,
Where he renews the Spring's and Autumn's dyes,
To lighten life, and mellow memory's strain,
No charm awakens there—'tis an eternal reign,—

XXX.

Girded by Winter's bleak and icy belt,
And cold-clad robe of hoariness alone,
Insensible to Spring, whose beams unfelt,
They stand stern solitude's stupendous throne ;
Yet on their margin here, a softer zone
Of seasons sheds its milder beaming powers,
(Tho' solitude still calls the site its own,)
The verdur'd spot o'erstrew'd with mountain flowers,
Gives nature here a charm, 'midst her mishapen towers,

XXXI.

Of cold sublimity ; in such a place,
Where neither pride's, nor empire's warring hand,
Have dealt their vengeance, nor yet left one trace,
Submitted only to HIS high command,
Who makes the whirlwinds howl or bids them stand ;
Why might not he, whose unaspiring mind,
Frames not one wish of grandeur in such land,
Happy in humble competence, thus find
The ease which he in vain had sought amongst mankind ?

XXXII.

Ah! vain indeed ; the hunter tracks his prey,
O'er rocks and cataracts, whose angry roar,
Seems to upbraid the adventurer his way ;
Seeks to find regions never known before,
Where, (skill'd in evil) he may hope to soar
In pride and arrogance ; where'er the sense
Inflames or leads, Ambition finds a door,
And Vice, a plea ; for where shall man's defence
Ensure against his kind's too mark'd malevolence,—

XXXIII.

Which streams unceasingly, as doth the course
Of yonder fractious torrent, which now leaps
Foaming and furious downwards from its source,
Wearing the mouldering bank thro' which it sweeps ?
Alas, Earth's mightiest ! what is it he reaps
From the hot restless current of the sense,
Which forms a bar, in what ambition heaps ?
Slav'd to the world, his are the toils intense
Too oft to make him grieve his own pre-eminence.⁽⁶⁾

XXXIV.

If pride our hot desires will so entice,
Beyond the goal whereon bright honour smiles;
If pleasure lead the passions to each vice,
Which wins the soul with its seductive wiles;
If lust of power and pomp, too largely piles
Its aspirations, with each vain essay,
Leading to war and waste, and so beguiles,
That every other object must give way
To its gross appetite, and its insatiate prey.—

XXXV.

If these—all these in wild delusion blind
The soul to its destruction? better far
Like you uneducated lowly hind,
(Whose fortunes led not to a loftier star,)
'Tend the wild flocks, in poverty's dull bar,
Than be as sinful sceptics of the world;
Who, led as parasites in fashion's car,
Are by the baubles of its fancies whirl'd,
Or now in pamper'd crowds of wanton banquet hurl'd.

XXXVI.

Oh, to that jarring world, how grateful teems
The solitary grandeur of this spot,
Whose towering height above Earth's turmoil seems
A home for meditation to out-blot
Our earthly frail existence, there forgot,
And soar in higher feelings, and thus blend
The soul's material and immortal lot,
With its own Maker's being, and distend,
Hope, joy, love, faith, and fame, to HIM our only friend.

XXXVII.

The volum'd torrent's deep and rushing tone,
Murmuring as though time warn'd us of its flight ;
The rainbow bright o'er-arching with its zone,
Like hope's sweet form, that ever woos the sight ;
The heavens all smiling in their sunny light ;
The wild flower's fragrance balsaming the wind ;
Such is the spot ! whose glowing charms invite,
As meditation's shrine, when the wrapp'd mind
Would own th' Almighty's power awful and undefin'd.

XXXVIII.

How different to such scene appears the hot
And smoking piles of St. Sebastian's walls !
A pestilential vapour, tells the spot
Hath been a scene of carnage ; mark its halls,
One chaos of destruction ; it appals
The gazing eye, as o'er the weltering dead,
The dog now holds his carnival, and mauls
The swollen carcass on which Sol hath shed
Its torrid rays, and drawn the foul steam from earth's bed.

XXXIX.

With stagnant gore embued. There needs not here,
Fiction to multiply war's scenes of blood :
Oh ! look but on the spot of havock drear,
To awe the soul to pity's loneliest mood—
Tenement and tower in ruins where they stood,
Streets choak'd with smoking rafters, unconsum'd ;
Whilst some few care-worn looks of sorrow-hood,
Around their homes despoil'd, and hopes entomb'd,
Still haunt the ruin'd site, and mourn what fate hath doom'd.

XL.

And thickly strew'd in nakedness, there lie
Distortion's ghastly forms—the work of death ;
Yet pause—this needs no quaint philosophy,
It was for freedom's right, and honour's wreath,
That Britain here her succour did bequeath ;
And patriotism, and gratitude disown
The soul's unmanly feeling, which could breathe
Words of inglorious cynic-censuring tone,
As, “ Let them rot, vain fools, and whiten bone by bone.”

XLI.

Far other requiem be in memory's chaunt,
Telling the long-gone deeds of freedom's friends,
Who generously fell at glory's font ;
For them, the tribute, and the tear-drop, blends
In bright remembrance, and to them extends
The praise, which Liberty on each bestows,
Who at her shrine, his pure devotion sends ;
For, oh ! in man, where is the throb which glows,
Worthy, more lofty fame, or sanctified repose.

END OF CANTO VII.

$$\sin \theta_1 = \frac{1}{2} \quad \theta_1 = 30^\circ \quad \theta_2 = 60^\circ \quad \theta_3 = 90^\circ$$
[illegible]

WAR OF THE ISLES.

CANTO VIII.

1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*)
 2. *Chlorophyll b* (Chl *b*)
 3. *Chlorophyll c* (Chl *c*)
 4. *Chlorophyll d* (Chl *d*)
 5. *Chlorophyll e* (Chl *e*)
 6. *Chlorophyll f* (Chl *f*)
 7. *Chlorophyll g* (Chl *g*)
 8. *Chlorophyll h* (Chl *h*)
 9. *Chlorophyll i* (Chl *i*)
 10. *Chlorophyll j* (Chl *j*)
 11. *Chlorophyll k* (Chl *k*)
 12. *Chlorophyll l* (Chl *l*)
 13. *Chlorophyll m* (Chl *m*)
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 15. *Chlorophyll o* (Chl *o*)
 16. *Chlorophyll p* (Chl *p*)
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 20. *Chlorophyll t* (Chl *t*)
 21. *Chlorophyll u* (Chl *u*)
 22. *Chlorophyll v* (Chl *v*)
 23. *Chlorophyll w* (Chl *w*)
 24. *Chlorophyll x* (Chl *x*)
 25. *Chlorophyll y* (Chl *y*)
 26. *Chlorophyll z* (Chl *z*)
 27. *Chlorophyll aa* (Chl *aa*)
 28. *Chlorophyll ab* (Chl *ab*)
 29. *Chlorophyll ac* (Chl *ac*)
 30. *Chlorophyll ad* (Chl *ad*)
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 32. *Chlorophyll af* (Chl *af*)
 33. *Chlorophyll ag* (Chl *ag*)
 34. *Chlorophyll ah* (Chl *ah*)
 35. *Chlorophyll ai* (Chl *ai*)
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 37. *Chlorophyll ak* (Chl *ak*)
 38. *Chlorophyll al* (Chl *al*)
 39. *Chlorophyll am* (Chl *am*)
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 41. *Chlorophyll ao* (Chl *ao*)
 42. *Chlorophyll ap* (Chl *ap*)
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 79. *Chlorophyll azz* (Chl *azz*)
 80. *Chlorophyll azaa* (Chl *aza*)
 81. *Chlorophyll abz* (Chl *abz*)
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 83. *Chlorophyll adz* (Chl *adz*)
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 89. *Chlorophyll ajz* (Chl *ajz*)
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 93. *Chlorophyll anz* (Chl *anz*)
 94. *Chlorophyll aoz* (Chl *aoz*)
 95. *Chlorophyll apz* (Chl *apz*)
 96. *Chlorophyll aqz* (Chl *aqz*)
 97. *Chlorophyll arz* (Chl *arz*)
 98. *Chlorophyll asz* (Chl *asz*)
 99. *Chlorophyll atz* (Chl *atz*)
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 102. *Chlorophyll awz* (Chl *awz*)
 103. *Chlorophyll axz* (Chl *axz*)
 104. *Chlorophyll ayz* (Chl *ayz*)
 105. *Chlorophyll ayz* (Chl *ayz*)
 106. *Chlorophyll azz* (Chl *azz*)
 107. *Chlorophyll azaa* (Chl *aza*)
 108. *Chlorophyll abz* (Chl *abz*)
 109. *Chlorophyll acz* (Chl *acz*)
 110. *Chlorophyll adz* (Chl *adz*)
 111. *Chlorophyll aez* (Chl *aez*)
 112. *Chlorophyll afz* (Chl *afz*)
 113. *Chlorophyll agz* (Chl *agz*)
 114. *Chlorophyll ahz* (Chl *ahz*)
 115. *Chlorophyll aiz* (Chl *aiz*)
 116. *Chlorophyll ajz* (Chl *ajz*)
 117. *Chlorophyll akz* (Chl *akz*)
 118. *Chlorophyll alz* (Chl *alz*)
 119. *Chlorophyll amz* (Chl *amz*)
 120. *Chlorophyll anz* (Chl *anz*)
 121. *Chlorophyll aoz* (Chl *aoz*)
 122. *Chlorophyll apz* (Chl *apz*)
 123. *Chlorophyll aqz* (Chl *aqz*)
 124. *Chlorophyll arz* (Chl *arz*)
 125. *Chlorophyll asz* (Chl *asz*)
 126. *Chlorophyll atz* (Chl *atz*)
 127. *Chlorophyll auz* (Chl *auz*)
 128. *Chlorophyll avz* (Chl *avz*)
 129. *Chlorophyll awz* (Chl *awz*)
 130. *Chlorophyll axz* (Chl *axz*)
 131. *Chlorophyll ayz* (Chl *ayz*)
 132. *Chlorophyll ayz* (Chl *ayz*)
 133.

War of the Isles.

CANTO VIII.

I.

Land of the Gaul, behold thy fair fields spread,
In all their gay luxuriousness of green ;
Hill, vale, and lawn, flower, foliage, all things shed
Their bloom, to form this loveliness of scene,
Grac'd by a sky harmoniously serene ;
Land of the Gaul, are these thy serfs ?—behold
Their smiling features, comeliness of mien,
And looks of welcome ; say, are these the mould
Of thy dread legions, who, their thunder long have roll'd

II.

'Till Europe shrunk with terror and with awe,
And summer's blood and tears destroy'd, what spring
In its rich promis'd store, had hop'd to draw,
When nature view'd the young buds blossoming ?
Yes, they are thine ; though memory on the wing,
Clings to the many hearts, which, (once as bright
As flowers that round their parent branches swing,)
Were, by thy ruler torn from home's delight,
Forc'd to the tented plain, to perish in the fight.

III.

Oh, not as beings doomed to thralldom's power,
Do the calm bodings in their looks bespeak,
But as some landscape, (when the tempest-shower
Hath pass'd away, and sunshine on the cheek
Of nature, gilds with many a glowing streak ;)
Such seems the peasant's smile ; and well it may,
Since dire conscription's arm no more shall seek,
To be the cannibal of tyrant sway,⁽¹⁾
And tear the offspring of his hopeful years away.

IV.

Our griefs are many, fanciful or real ;
And of the true, some deeper than the rest,
Where neither change can cure, nor time can heal
The painful wounds inflicted in the breast.
Some pine for loss of fortune, some oppress'd
By chains of bondage, or the frown, which love's
Denial answers to their heart's behest ;
But of the many griefs, alas, what proves
More deeply sorrowful, than when stern fate removes—

V.

The object of affection's tender care ?
And that, in youth's first dawn of hope and life,
A victim, led to wild ambition's lair,
And as its offering, slaughter'd with the knife ;
Of all the woes with which our path is rife,
This surely is the weightiest of them all,
Setting the body, and the soul, at strife,
And shrouding feeling in a deep black pall,
Which all attempt in vain to joyance can recall.

VI.

Thy tale, old man, too deeply grafts these truths ;⁽²⁾
Thy furrow'd cheek, the channel of the tear,
Worn by the weeping for thy fallen youths,
Whom manhood grac'd, and memory still holds dear ;
When first Hispania open'd the career,
For Gallia's chief, to stalk with giant mien ;
The first-born of thy blood, by force austere,
(He, o'er whose cradle thou didst fondly lean,)
Power made depart : alas ! deaf to entreaty keen.

VII.

Nor yet a twelve-month space, its course had gone,
When Grief knell'd forth the too afflicting fate,
For resignation to be calm upon ;
Doom'd to the vengeance of guerilla hate,
One morn beheld his form inanimate,
Stretch'd in the defile of a Sierra's path,
Where furious freedom's anger would not wait,
To save the captive from its settled wrath ;
So deadly is the thirst, which enmity there hath.

VIII.

And scarcely had time's moments, sooth'd the first
Said sufferings of affliction, in the heart
Of the ag'd parent, when a deeper, burst
And hurl'd its arrow with infuriate dart;
Oh, he, his only one, must he depart,
The last lov'd pledge, and succour of his age?
The same stern mandate, to whose power, the chart
Of Europe nearly had shown vassalage;
He call'd for legions still, Ambition's feuds to wage.

IX.

Bless'd in the bounties of indulgent home,
It was a sorrow'd day which saw him go
Far from its fond endearing ties to roam,
And be an arm of that detested foe;
The enterprize was plann'd, which nations know,
And well have cause! when fierce ambition led
Its hosts to perish in bleak Russia's snow,
Where he, the old man's promise, laid his head,
Number'd amongst the heap of Gallia's thousand dead.

X.

Alas! how many, could we learn their tale,
Whose hearts have felt an equal pang, and more
Perchance than this old man's, to weigh the scale
Of care and misery, whose untoward door
Is ever wide for what fate hath in store.
Oh! could we know each hamlet's history,
Where War's destroying bands have travers'd o'er,
Each scene of strife and rapine, where could we
Turn with unclouded smile, and say, these still are free?

XI.

In Freedom's hands, ambition hath an aim,
And an attraction, which all hearts desire;
In despot's, it serves only as a flame,
Kindled in wrath, to set the world on fire;
And, as the phoenix mounting from the pyre,
Where 'twas consum'd, so from the embers hot,
It raises still its schemes, to remount higher;
Soaring to devastate some smiling spot,
As if life had not woes enough to cloud our lot.

XII.

But Nature turn we to thy ruralry ;
 How beautiful, oh, Pan, thy prospects rise !
 The corn field rich in store, the orchard tree,
 Crown'd with its blossoms lovely to the eyes ;
 And emerald mantled bright declivities,
 Where creeps the vine in many a mazy wreath ;
 And flowing smoothly as time's current flies,
 The silvery Gave meandering on beneath ;
 Watering the smiling plain, whose flowery perfumes
 breathe—

XIII.

Their fragrance in the air, and scent the breeze,
 Oh ! who, when musing on such loveliness,
 (The crime paternal of the old Bearness,)
 But would turn all his hate aside, and dress
 His thoughts in smiles ! Tho' tis not France the less
 Whereon his step treads, and his sight expands ;
 Their sire's simplicity who can express,
 When, as the future ruler of their lands,
 They chose, of two, the babe who slept with open hands !

XIV.

And here it was one of Earth's magnates drew
The breath of life, 'midst this contented race,
Henry, the good and brave. Long could ye view
His mansion with a pleasing awe, and trace
The antique chambers, he was wont to grace
With his first sports and flashes of his mind ;
When pleasure lighten'd up his youthful face,
And Love's and Chivalry's first shoots entwined
Their tendrils round his heart, devotedly inclin'd,—

XV.

Colouring their hues of an immortal light !
But Anarchy hath laid that mansion low ;
Tho' still the peasant's hand marks out the site,
Which local record hallows with a glow
Of reverential feeling, when we know
What was its once heroic dweller's fame :
Alas ! that he, by an assassin's blow,
His people's friend and father, every claim
Which Justice could require, Integrity could name,—

XVI.

Or Heroism honour, thus should fall !
But virtue hath her foes as well as vice,
And rulers seldom have escap'd the gall
Which Treason vomits through mankind's caprice ;
The wisest often fall a sacrifice
To wrath and blind delusion ; for in vain
Can monarchs hope to please, the sophistries
Each man and his opinions would maintain ;
As well might Reason strive to rule the briny main.

XVII.

Man is the world's frail tenant, at the will
Of the unreasonable and perverse,
The vain, the vicious, and the volatile,
Who this hour chaunt his praise—the next his curse ;
Let him not cling to these, nor vainly nurse
His thoughts with worldly idols ; see him now
A demigod, which thousand tongues rehearse !
Start not ! what hand next hour hath laid him low ?
Ask ye—did Rome accord when Cæsar felt the blow ?

XVIII.

And now where Tarbes in Spring's bright mantles seen,
Have Britain's bands encamp'd upon her plain;
Not long, where Adour rolls its waves between
The hills of Gallia, and the heights of Spain,
Did its swift tide their energy restrain;
For Orthes soon astounded at the sight
Of Britain's valour! but of Gallia's vain
And weak encounter in that hostile fight,
Saw her proud eagles bend their hurried course in flight!

XIX.

Oh, he who loves to feast on Nature's charms,
To see her blossoms and her flowers expand
'Neath the most brilliant atmosphere, which warms
And draws profusion's gifts to bless each hand;
Oh let him sojourn in this bounteous land,
Which heav'n hath here allotted unto man!
These are the titles, Tarbes, thy fields command,
Which not the capitals of empires can
Produce with gorgeous fane, vast shrine, or splendid plan!

XX.

'Twas sad to see War's flaming torches burn,
Where Flora only should have held her dance,
With all her smiling train ; and where, in turn,
Pomona, too, with rosy countenance,
Had revell'd in her pride ! But in Fate's glance
All have a portion,—woe as well as weal,
And, most of all, no pity deserves France,
Who should be doom'd in part to fear, and feel
Such ills, as it was once, her purport dire to deal.

XXI.

And she, who would have taught submission's bow
To prostrate nations, now must seek her lair ;
Laying her head (once perk'd with vain pride) low,
To fume, yet crouch, in galling fetters there ;
Such is the change ambition now must bear,
Since Leipsic saw its tarnish'd honours droop ;
And banded nations turn'd their steps, to dare
Be led by Freedom's voice, nor basely stoop
To act the hireling, nor, much less, degenerate dupe !

XXII.

And who was that high power who rais'd its cry?
And when all hearts beside stood aw'd, and bound
To one man's beck and humour, dar'd defy
The threat of power, and firmly kept its ground?
Oh, Britain, in thy page is solely found
The annals Liberty could then record!
Thou, that didst shake not at the thunder-sound!
Behold what triumph doth each deed afford,
Whilst Glory crowns thy brow, and laurel wreathes thy
sword!

XXIII.

For see, thy sons stand victors round the halls
Of fair Tolosa, where oft times the sight
Of gorgeous War hath been, since first her walls
Own'd the proud sway of Rome's imperial might,
With all the powers that Fancy can unite:
Who, from the brightest smiles of fate could deem,
That she would soon bear witness to the fight
Of Albion's sons, and see their pennons stream
Victorious o'er her towers, in the sun's splendid beam?

XXIV.

Ancient of days, Tolosa,⁽²⁾ many a thought
Of bright creation link themselves to thee !
'Twas here the Troubadour his first strains caught,
And pour'd his earliest notes of minstrelsy,
Scattering the blossoms of his poetry
O'er Europe's face ; and still the festal day,
Whereon Isaure her prizes did decree,
Around her bust, the fairest flowers of May
Memory still 'twines each year, and hails the poet's lay.

XXV.

Nor less renown doth Raymond's name awake :⁽⁴⁾
He, whom immortal Tasso fam'd in song,
When Europe seiz'd the sword for Salem's sake,
And, (as the ocean pours its tide along,)
Sent forth to slaughter, its fanatic throng :
Religion, thou assuredly hast been
The cause for which stern War hath rais'd its tongue
With loudest yell, and stalk'd with arm most keen ;
Thou that art meekness, love, and charity in mien.

XXVI.

Oh, Time! which hallows memory, at the goal
 Of former deeds and fame, erects a shrine
 Sacred to feelings, which around the soul
 With fervor'd interest their rays entwine ;
 And thus, Tolosa, unto thee and thine
 Doth recollection sweet renew its ties,
 Of Rome adopted, and the heavenly Nine ;
 These, these, alone, are load-stars to the eyes,
 Which as we tread thy paths resplendently arise.

XXVII.

Tho' Victory now spreads her gilded wings
 And throws a shadow on thy domes and streets ;—
 And thoughts of fallen power must add their stings
 In every stranger's waving plume, that meets
 Thy people's gaze, which tells them of defeats,
 And shame, and bondage ; for even thou the shock
 Hast felt which battle's thundering roar repeats,
 And seen thy sons flee as a stricken flock,
 Teaching a tale at which Ambition dare not mock.

XXVIII.

But yesterday beheld yon greenward heights,
Crown'd with the Gallic bands ; the shining morn
Glanc'd on their glittering arms with dazzling light,
And blades of steel there wav'd, where Autumn's corn
Had wav'd, and Ceres fill'd her golden horn ;
Another year shall bring her fruitful store,
And the bright herbage still, her fields adorn,
But o'er Gaul's annals, there must evermore
Remain a stain, for her vain offspring to deplore.

XXIX.

Hark ! from the voice of destiny, proceeds
A sound, which breaks upon the listening ear
In joyful strains ; 'tis not the call for deeds
Of war and tumult, which hath made Earth drear,
But Freedom's ! in the issue, many a year
Of devastation and of death, had cross'd
The pathway of the peaceful ; many a fear
Had fill'd them with forebodings ; all was lost,
So mighty was the power ambition had engross'd.

XXX.

But see, what mighty visions fill the air !
These, in rejoicings, those in humbled ire ;
Lo, Liberty leads these, and from the fair
And fervent hopes of fortune, which inspire
The followers of her dictates, springs the fire
Which all illumines ; foremost in acclaim
By Mars supported, and old Ocean's sire
Britannia comes, personified by Fame,
Whilst Europe at her side, with an intent the same,—

XXXI.

Join in the choral chaunt of Freedom's hymn ;
Now mark the features of the humbled train,
Who fly, with sullen look and writhing limb,
Before their shouts that raise true glory's strain :
See, stumbling Pride, Hate, Discord, Folly, Pain
Crowd on their footsteps ; from the brow of one,
A crown hath fallen, which Discord to regain
Stoops, but is forc'd, ere seizing it, to run ;
'Tis thus ignobly lost, vilely as it was won !

XXXII.

Ambition is the avarice of power ;
And Power—the diamond which attracts the eye,
And dignifies the wearer in his hour
Of dazzling sunshine :—but shall we imply
Glory to all, who would regardlessly
Barter its means to be the pompous thing,
Whose fame is but the notoriety
Which pride and guilt have purchas'd ; poisoning
Nature's most bounteous gifts and all that she would
bring ?

XXXIII.

If power must build its palace with the bones,
And walls cemented with the blood of Earth ;
And, that the rifled treasures which it owns,
Have made each smiling spot—a place of dearth !
Oh, if to make gorgeous dominion, worth
A conqueror's grasp, these be the means replete,
And time on time but gives some craving birth,
Happier, Diogenes in his retreat,
Than Macædonia's lord, with empires at his feet !

XXXIV.

And happier far the peasant's lowly lair,
Than his, the modern hero of the field,
Who, from the height whereon he stood, to where
Passion hath levell'd, sees his empire reel'd
From 'neath his grasp ; himself condemn'd to yield
The sov'reignty usurp'd, his usage dark,
So long with threatening arm had power to wield ;
Whilst warmly, as the tenants of the ark,
Their joyful herald hail'd, did Europe's voice remark—

XXXV.

Peace, with her olive branch, once more display'd ;
Beauteous, as when Aurora mounts the skies,
In glittering robes and loveliness array'd ;
Smiling, warm hopes and promise to the eyes,
As balmy as her beams ; thus, may they rise,
The future hours of undisturb'd repose :
Such, as when thunder from the welkin flies,
Leaving, serenely bright, the air which glows
With peace to sooth war's late, deep, and embitter'd
throes.

XXXVI.

Earth hath beheld a series of War,
And Gaul hath felt its final blow ; but say,
Are there no secret trammels laid to jar
The peace of man again ? Is there no prey
Amidst this nation, to restore the sway
Of terror and of crime ? has not a scene
Of long-wag'd desolation, pay'd a way
To turn their hearts to wish for days serene ?
Or, hath fate still in store, things as of late have been ?

XXXVII.

'Tis not the sober-minded peasant boy,
Who loves such anarchy ; his peaceful heart,
Contented in laborious employ,
Careless of grandeur, seeks not to depart.
From his domestic home ; 'tis the foul mart—
Th' emporium of cities, where illume
Sparks of dissention, and corrosive art,
Where herds of worthless minds, heedless of doom,
Martyn a country's sire—a nation's peace entomb.—

XXXVIII.

Oh, warp'd from Nature's sacred line, to soar
 O'er passion's wide domain—Ambition's height—
 And ever ope the ill-directing door,
 Where vice alone shews its misguiding light,
 As vapour which allures the steps by night,
 To lead them but to error ; such alas,
 The world's too blinded votaries, who requite
 Reason with wrong, and in pride's pow'rful glass
 Mistake their aim, and snatch at shadows as they pass.

XXXIX.

Not so with virtue—lovely tho' her form
 Yet bleak the pathway where her form ascends
 O'er rocks of rugged make, round which the storm
 Of stern adversity howls forth and sends
 Its piercing cries ; yet calmly she contends
 With all the host of sorrows, nor betrays
 One murmur when misfortune dark impends ;
 Tho' vice now comes to tempt her from her ways
 With joy's voluptuous wiles, and splendour's glittering
 blaze.

XL.

She spurns the wanton's offerings, nor desires
Such worldly phantoms for her purer meeds ;
For vice's are the meteoric fires
Which flit round earth ; too often she succeeds
To win mankind, and ruins whilst she leads ;
But virtue's is a heavenly light, whose rays
Tho' darken'd oft by clouds, yet whose fair deeds
Will ever shine, in *that high place* of praise,
Where vice can never soar, triumphantly to gaze.

XLI.

But stay, my bark glides swiftly down Garonne,
Thy dark blue bed of waters ; yet once more,
Must the eye cast its farewell glance upon
Bordeaux's majestic site, and thy fair shore
Where war's last trumpet sounded "it way o'er:"
Lo, summer's loveliest light now seems to dwell,
On every scene and promises rich store,
For Autumn's hand to gather in thy cell ;
Land of the Gaul, on which such promise smiles,
Farewell !

XLII.

Farewell, the bark glides swiftly ; o'er the prow
Spreads the vast ocean, with its sullen roar ;
Many their white sails set, whose keels now plough
The salt waves there, are bound to Britain's shore,
And to her soil, Spain's conquerors will restore :
Joy to the generous brave ! may fate to them
Join parent, partner, or lov'd child, once more
In sweetest pledge ; for happiness, no gem
Like these can have, wherewith, to deck her diadem.

XLIII.

Joy to the generous brave ! and oh, to one
The star of glory and Britannia's pride !
Who, (brilliant as the orb of day,) hath run
His course, let not fame's tribute be denied ;
He, on whom genius and whom glory vied
To show'r most honours ; for the splendid name
Of WELLINGTON ! upon the golden tide
Of history, the proudest site shall claim,
Immortal in the shouts of Freedom and of Fame !

WAR OF THE ISLES.

CANTO IX.

War of the Isles.

CANTO IX.

I.

Luxuriant Autumn, in her golden car,
Smiles o'er Europa's peaceful plains again ;
Resplendently now shines the harvest star,
Not as each latent year hath seen it wane,
And gleam upon a harvest of the slain !
But mirth once more attunes the shepherd's reed :—
The peasant haply reaps the ripen'd grain,—
The rosy milk-maid, smiling, trips the mead,
Nor dreads that War's note, will her even-song succeed.

II.

All bounteous Nature scatters from her lap
Her gifts in rich profusion ; mild-eyed Fate
No more on high perks War's rebellious cap,
To tell mankind what ills they may await ;
But Peace, with rosy garlands at her gate,
Points to the heav'ns, and to the placid sky,
As if a calm as beauteous, (to elate
The heart of mankind,) she would prophecy,
And win their feelings from the ills that have gone by.

III.

At length Autumna bids the scene farewell,
And comes stern Winter, with its robe of snow,
Driving Industry to its honied cell,
And moping cattle to their stalls to low ;
Yet other care must now the housewife know—
To spin the flax, and weave the textur'd cloth
O'er her clean hearth, where crackling faggots glow ;
Thus Winter tends the gifts of Summer's growth,
For sage Time lends a hand to all things, but to Sloth.

IV.

But man was born not, to behold the heav'n
One clear continual atmosphere of blue,
The cloud will gather, by the tempest driv'n,
And shadow nature with its pitchy hue ;—
And happiness is but ideal view
Wrought by contentment, which is rarely found ;
And if awhile,—soon springs some cause anew,
If not in self, in others, to astound,
And mar the little mirth with which its hopes were
crown'd.

V.

Oh, Time, thou cradle of all hope or fear !—
To fools, corrector—to the wise, a friend—
To these a stepping stone—to those a bier !
That, like thy ruler, none can comprehend :
Thou, that without beginning—with no end,
All things o'ercom'st by flight ; yet, undefin'd,
Offerest no answer where thy footsteps tend
When he who covets thee, with searching mind,
Would question Fate, which way thy purports are de-
sign'd.

VI.

Thou, that giv'st wings to pleasure, weight to pain,
A paradox to all things, foul or fair;
That spurrest joy, expectance dost restrain,
The herald and the healer of all care,
Loos'ning the fetter, fastening the snare
Which limits life within its narrow bound,
And, like Cassandra, crying out—"Beware!"
Which man, alas! unheeds too long, as round,
Borne in the world's turmoil, Conscience' small voice is
drown'd ;—

VII.

Until Eternity's escape-less brink
Stands yawning awfully before his sight,
Then is his soul awaken'd 'ere it sink,
Imploring guerdon of the heavenly light;
To all these changes, Time, in thy dread might,
Art thou the master and the messenger!
Bearing too oft in unimpeded flight
The summons and the blow,—stern arbiter!
That without warning, strik'st, those who have dar'd
to err ;

VIII.

And daring, made earth shake, as if their power
Was pois'd by heav'nly hands, and in their pride,
And the vain flattering splendour of the hour,
Mortgag'd their future happiness, to stride
O'er mortal insignificance, allied
To ignorance and imperfection ;—Man,
Thou bigot to thy evil deeds, go hide
The blush, Truth forces on thy cheek, and scan
The path where virtue points, and her unerring plan.

IX.

Oh, England ! glorious seat of arts and arms,
Queen of the dark blue ocean, whose vast tide,
Engirdling thee, protects from haste-alarms,
And placing thee, a model, doth divide
Thy mighty shores from others, to be eyed
With praise and wonder ; let my humble muse,
'Ere it essay to tell the feats allied
To war's last blow, its patriotism diffuse,
To hail thy honours, and the spirit which endues—

X.

Thy offspring with that energy of soul,
Making thee great and glorious ! If we ask
Who first imperiously spurn'd control,
Denying Gallia's despot, nor would bask
On the infected dunghill, with the casque
Of freedom pluck'd from off its brow—if we
Would know who scorn'd to wear the subtle mask
Of mean hypocrisy, and dar'd to be
An honourable foe—turn we, with pride, to thee !

XI.

Turn we to thee, and say—" Behold, she stands
Fearless and fervent in true honour's cause !
A glorious beacon, form'd by Freedom's hands,
Whose bulwarks are her liberties and laws."
Oh, who shall then deny the just applause
Her fame and fortunes merit ? when the aim
Is fair, and fostering, as the sun, which draws
Life from the soul, gives lustre to the frame:
Sons of her soil, these are the blessings ye may claim.

XII.

Thy lessening shores, oh, England, swift recede ;
And as the eye now wanders,—lo, that height
To which the immortal bard, his name decreed,
Lifts its majestic summit to the sight ;
On which the evening sunbeam sheds its light,
Tinting the white cliffs with its golden ray,
Whilst, by the fresh'ning night-breeze, in their flight
The bounding barks are borne without delay,
And night, and wild waves, soon close round their watery
way.

XIII.

But wherefore, bound their burthens all in arms ?
Fierce, as the young-plum'd eaglets on the wing,
Gorgeous as Summer in its sunny charms,—
And fresh in spirit as the burst of Spring,
Who, with true heart and hand, their incense bring
To Freedom's altar, and the God of war ?
Ask Fate,—why it hath made the welkin ring ?
And seated Discord once more in its car,
To rouse to conflict,—and the peace of man to mar ?

XIV.

Yes,—stern Brinnys with malignant sneer,
Once more shall daub her parch'd lips with the blood
Of many nations, whilst her torch shall sear
The fragrant blossoms,—Spring—hath lately strew'd
Earth's smiling banks with,—now to be bedew'd
Not with the crystal gem,—but cankerous gore;
Soon must the clang of battle be renew'd
In mockery of thunder's awful roar;
And Force, and Freedom strive, which, shall their rites
restore.

XV.

Alas,—did Industry then plough the soil,
And scatter seed within the furrow's bed,
Again to see War blast the peasant's toil—
Rotting beneath the offals of the dead?
Thus Fate decides; for once more at their head
From his lone isle, to lead th' embattled host,
(He, who to conquest yet to curse hath led,)
Lo, Gaul with open arms,—upon her coast
Admits the hydra,—and makes despotism her boast.

XVI.

Hark, to the echoes of the Gallic throng!
“War to their chief,”—assembled monarchs shout,⁽¹⁾
Again, all Europe join the choral song;
Again,—all standards the pale blue skies flout;
Again,—shall banded nations crowd each route,
And raise their voices to the battle’s knell;
Where the best blood of kindred man shall spout
In each devoted cause; and time shall tell
The tale,—and salt tears weep the warrior where he fell.

XVII.

For, lo, as Summer’s lengthen’d days steal on,
And nature smiling, gilds the earth’s expanse,
The heav’ns reverberate with the trumpet’s tone,
Armies are marshall’d forth and now advance;
These shout “for Albion,” those exclaim “for France,”
Whose thirst of power and conquest, nor restrains
The steel’s inveterate edge, nor murderous lance;
And Prussia’s sons, war boiling in their veins,
Join in the arm’d array,—and darken Belgium’s plain.

XVIII.

Let valour sound the heroic theme of song
And strike the harp upon its loftiest chord ;—
For, around Belgium's capital, there throng
The hopes of many nations, to whose sword
Europe hath ow'd deliverance once,—and pour'd
Honours and tribute on ; once more in arms
Assembled at the call of Freedom's word,
Each thought of future prowess nobly warms,
And all are bent alike on glory's potent charms.

XIX.

The sun had fill'd its course, and in its flight
Glowing and glorious,—closing day's career,
On thee,—fair Brussels, shed its parting light,
Gleaming on many a warrior-crest and spear ;
And hearts were there, gladden'd in festal cheer,
Whose lips to-morrow's eve would kiss the ground,
Scath'd as the pines, that scorching lightnings sear.
For, see—two gorgeous hosts have clos'd around
To try their bloody skill,—in War's grim struggle bound.

XX.

Thy forest, Soignies', echoed many a shout
Of cheering on-cry and beguiling jest,
As 'neath thy beechen boughs, (the Briton's route,)
The columns urg'd their way, where swell'd the breast
Of many an unreturning brave—possess'd
Of vigour now, 'ere night to be low laid,
Yet Quatre Bras stands record to the test
Of Highland valour; and yon thick strewn plain,
With foes commingled,—marks, the stubborn fight they
made.

XXI.

But War shall hold its carnival again,
And Pride's convulsions threaten; this hath been
But the prophetic prelude to its reign:
Thunder must follow soon to shake the scene,
And woe betide him who shall stand between
Earth and its bolts of vengeance; there must fall
A deeper deluge 'ere all be serene,
For Fate's dark tenements of clouds inthral,
That which must burst its hold, to cleanse—yet to appal.

XXII.

'Tis morn,—'tis noon,—the column, and the line
Extending o'er the greensward, by the glare
Of glittering arms, as fearful meteors shine ;
The ponderous cannon with their muzzles bare,
Ready for slaughter, plac'd ;—now here and there,
The pompous chiefs with retinue behind,
Watching the movements of the foe, with care
Affix'd the eager sight,—whilst, all combin'd
Each hurried feeling in an awefulness of mind.

XXIII.

And there was hurrying seen on every side,
Hills bristling round with implements of War,
And pennons bright of Europe's powers, allied,
Floating amidst the ranks, discern'd afar ;
And at each point, artillery plac'd to mar,
And lines of glittering red and darker blue,
And gaudy trappings of dragoon, hussar :—
It was a sight that rarely meets man's view,
Yet was it thine that day,—immortal Waterloo !

XXIV.

St. George's banner bright mark'd Britain's host,
With Hanover's brave sons conjointly led,
And those of Brunswick, who no more could boast
Of their brave chief, now number'd with the dead ;
And Belgium with young Nassau at their head,
They who of late freed from oppression's chain
Eager to prove their spirit not yet fled,
(Which dormant had beneath its fetters lain,)
Rush'd boldly to the field, to check its yoke again.

XXV.

Hark, to the shouts from whence yon columns stand !
Exulting are the cheers now echoed o'er ;—
'Tis he, their leader, he of fam'd command,
Their hearts now recognize, who oft before
Led them to victory on Hispania's shore.
Devotedly the loud "huzza" makes known
The hope his presence brings, as thus they pour
Their generous praise in welcom'd accents shown,
And every soldier greets, his favour'd WELLINGTON.

XXVI.

Here was a sight of awe,—but not of mirth,
Fearful, yet grand, stern, yet magnificent,
Such as the rolling tempest frowns,—when earth
Is by the lightning fir'd, and thunder rent ;
Whate'er war's motive, or the strife's intent,
Let valour's deeds be now the theme alone,
For see, suspended nation's eyes are bent,
Waiting the awful issue,—which can own
An import perilous, as earth hath ever known.

XXVII.

And, now, each wistful eye in doubtful hope,
Gaz'd o'er the high ground where the enemy stood ;
That foe, with whom they soon were doom'd to cope ;
And hearts now throbb'd apace, in anxious mood,
And staid expectancy,—for none endued
With life, and soul, and reason, but to whom
Some solemn feeling must that hour intrude ;
At length the cannon open'd,—and the drum
Roll'd loud, the cry was now “behold—they come—
they come!”

XXVIII.

The columns now advanced to slaughter's goal,
With steady, and determin'd front array'd,
Flank'd by the cuirassier, and fiery Pole
Arm'd with his murderous lance ; the cannonade
Opening around, deaden'd the ear, and made
Soignies' far forest echo ; on each side,
Alas ! what scenes of horror were display'd,
As it pour'd forth its thunder far and wide ;
And dealt drear carnage round in life's deep crimson'd
tide.

XXIX.

Hougemont, thy walls were first to feel the shock
Of pointed howitzer and levell'd gun,
Making thy battlements and rafters rock,
As shower of shell, and shot flew thundering down ;
And then the mass of infantry came on,
But as the vainless fury of the wave,
'Gainst some firm rock, that mocks the tempest's frown,
(Such the resistance thy defenders gave),
That valour urg'd, its aim, but for an earlier grave.

XXX.

With blood strewn path, smear'd as with purple rain,
To centre, now they dart the furious strife ;
Near to La Haye the columns press again
To pierce the van, and prodigal of life,
'Tis here around, Death's harvest is most rife :
The nearest, dreenest, deadliest mass of foes ;
Well might it here be deem'd " War to the knife,"
Since hands to hands let fall the vengeful blows,
And e'en more keen and hot, the doubtful contest grows.

XXXI.

And now the squadrons charge the barbed square,
Which firmly stands their onslaught o'er and o'er ;
Comrade replacing comrade, levell'd there
By the artillery's havock ; whilst the roar
Of the loud thundering peal (as they now pour
The hissing shell,) Gaul's furious steeds appal,
They press in frenzied ire, and drench'd in gore,
Mown down by death's stern messengers, thus fall
Headlong, a cumbrous crash, men, horses, riders, all.

XXXII.

Dense rolls the smoke, encompassing around,
Column and squadron,—friend or foeman, there
Oft indistinguishable; though the sound
Of hoofs and clashing steel tells strife is near;
Now single horsemen in their wild career,⁽³⁾
Urging their steeds along, eager to shew
Their desperate courage,—loose rein, levell'd spear,
And pistol clench'd in hand, charge on their foe,
E'en at the bristling square, and make the madden'd
blow.

XXXIII.

Oh, many a gallant soul 'ere this was borne
To earth, and by the war horse charge o'er trod;
Yes, many a gallant heart for ever torn
From all below, to tenant the cold sod;
The noonday long had wan'd, yet not a rod
Of ground had Gallia gain'd; but urging on
Still, still, her chief gave the assenting nod,
Whilst the most valiant look'd for set of sun
To close the fight, and see the bloody carnage done.⁽⁴⁾

XXXIV.

Still 'tis suspense and slaughter to appal
The stoutest heart, now eager to discern
What bands those summits crown ; are they for Gaul ?
No ; 'tis brave Prussia's host, which all soon learn ;
Yet, despot, then, thy nature chose to spurn
The word which warn'd thee, that " they were not
thine : " ⁽⁵⁾
But with a frenzied hope, which still would burn,
Didst thou, the remnant of thy power, design
To be War's sacrifice, at stern Ambition's shrine.

XXXV.

And now are summon'd that imperial band,
To turn and gain the triumphs of the day,
They, who till late, no nation could withstand,
That mighty phalanx now, in bold array,
Once more are sent to bear the battle's sway :
The veteran warriors of Marengo's field ;
They, who at Jena, bore the prize away ;
They, who at Wagram tarnish'd Austria's shield,
Here, are conjoin'd again, one mighty blow to wield.

XXXVI.

Foe now meets foe, and the steel's edge is felt,
And brandish'd in each hand with desperate force,
Clashes and rings e'en to its brazen hilt ;
Death's ghastly hold it marks in every course :
Again, again, they meet, both foot and horse,
In bloody struggle try their strength again,
Till Gaul's wild host, regardless of all loss,
Charge, are repuls'd, advance, and change in vain,
Whilst steeds and foemen lie, heap'd o'er the weltering plain.

XXXVII.

The sun of Austerlitz hath set !⁽⁶⁾ that star
Which shone conspicuous in the track of fame,
That meteor kindled by the flame of war,
Is shadow'd darkly o'er ; so flies a name,
So passes conquest, when, 'tis but a game,
Sporting with men as counters ; now it sits
Crown'd with success, but Fortune's smiles inflame,
Dazzle, make giddy, till we fall,—⁽⁷⁾ so flits
Its pomp, and so hath thine, fall'n star of Austerlitz !

XXXVIII.

How different are the sounds and shouts on high
Of those bright sons of Chivalry, who press,
To crown the crisis of their energy,
Through a long trial of unceas'd distress;
For brighter than before in loveliness
Mounts Fame upon her chariot, rolling on,
Deck'd in the panoply of grandeur's dress;
In richly tinted beams now darts the sun
Of glory from the skies o'er triumphs they have won.

XXXIX.

Even such glories as the Romans gain'd
When the fierce Carthaginian they o'erthrew,⁽⁸⁾
And the bright honour of Rome's cause maintain'd,
And place'd her triumphs in the proudest view,
For earth to gaze at,—as her eagles flew
On wings of Fame and conquest: even so,
To Britons and their chief, thou Waterloo,
Full many an age, shalt in fair memory's glow,
To their ennobled deeds, with proud remembrance flow.

XL.

Not all the deeds which ages note of wars,
Nor marshalling of hosts, which records raise;
Their conflicts and their conquerors, whose bright stars
Of glory shine in Fame's vast page of praise
For mighty triumphs; not the poet's lays,
Immortalizing beings with the name
Of gods and heroes, whose careers amaze:
Not all that Grecian fire, or Roman fame,
In their meridian power achiev'd, whose acts can claim—

XLI.

A title to the world bequeath'd, to prize
In praise of prowess, genius, or skill,
Establishing a name to memorize :
Not these, oh, Albion, in far time shall fill
A loftier tone than thine, eclipsing still
Days, deeds, and destinies of glorious date,
Fruits gain'd by freedom, 'gainst oppression's will
When by its daring grasp, the earthly state
Of the world's fabric hangs, thus vibrated by Fate.

XLII.

But he, Ambition's slave, in whom we trace
But the fierce passion, pride of power could move;
Who in his ruthless, merciless, embrace,
Grasping at all, capriciously thus strove;
Who tore asunder every tie of love,
To work his will and aggrandize his power;
To satisfy vain glory and to prove,
What? the too frail possessor of an hour,
The ravage man could work, the crimes that man could
lower.

XLIII.

He, in prosperity so high of mind,
Yet at Fate's frown sinking in soul, below
The weakest beings of his fellow kind;
Thus, all his greatness left him at this blow;
Was't not, the same, where Nile's dark waters flow,
Where he first left his hosts to Fortune's chance,
Or lurk'd away from Moscow's chilling snow
Where thousands fell, the choicest sons of France?
Deem'd he, by acts like these, his greatness to enhance?

XLIV.

No, he must reap the harvest he hath sown ;
For retribution's hour must come to all ;
And if to each, their due reward is shown,
His acts have merited the lowest fall ;
And, where, those rocks his crippled power intral,
Vain, may he rave, or flutter on Hope's wings ;
And, oh, how restless must his moments crawl,
When conscience prickles up its sharpest stings,
And all he can renew, a loathsome feeling brings.—

XLV.

As the quick fire, which spreads its flame on high,
Illuminating all the scene around,
'Wildering awhile with awe, each gazing eye,
'Till it is quench'd, then leaves one dreary mound ;
Thus did his name, at first, the heart astound,
When none knew where his power would cease t'extend,
And bursting forth, a blaze each ember crown'd,
So from his plans, did fiery deeds ascend,
Till all expir'd at last, and left one dreary end.

XLVI.

There are, who fain would still applaud his name,
And in the tide of greatness, wash away
All sin, if gain'd by such ; yet dim is Fame
When blood hath been the path to any sway,
And man to man an engine of decay ;
So, to my mind, small tribute should he have,
Whose sense, misled by keen ambition's prey,
Attempted all, capriciousness could crave,
And sought to make the world, an empire or a grave.

XLVII.

And is this all the glory man can raise,
To last the perpetuity of time ?
Lording o'er others to enforce his praise,
Heedless of bloodshed, bigotry, or crime :
Are there no other methods more sublime ?
No means, no pathway, left th' aspiring mind ?
Left those who thirst for enterprize, to climb,
But deluge with the life-blood of mankind,
On which to steer Fame's bark ? Infatuate man ! how
blind !

XLVIII.

Oh, we who are to war by passion given,
Look but too coldly on the blood thus spilt,
Save when by ethic sway the mind is driven
To plunge its reasonings to the very hilt ;
But when so viewed, surely there seems such guilt
In planning instruments for others woe,
None can deny the ills on which is built
Its fame, and endless streams of blood that flow
To raise, perchance one name ; and yet 'tis ever so ;

XLIX.

And ever will be so. The human mind
Is an antithesis so formed, so blent
With good and ill, that casuists can bind
Our feelings to their shape, and represent
Things as an error, or an ornament :
Seduce us on the stream we cannot stem,
And, 'midst the gilded mass of triumph pent,
The deeds and doctrines we did once condemn
Unheeded are, until, we join in praise with them.

L.

But midst th' unburied dead to pause around ;
Much more,—to view some dear, departed friend
Who panted once for Glory's prize,—and found
Too soon, alas ! where Life's career must tend ;
Honour is their's who Freedom's shrine defend ;
Yet when the momentary flash is o'er
Which the achievement brings, tho' great its end,
Still is it painful, still must all deplore
The sacrifice of those, we ne'er can gaze on more.

LI.

Those from whom parent,—partner—offspring took
Their joy, their happiness, all ties most dear,—
Concenter'd in affection's fondest look,
Without which—Earth would be the desert drear ;
Those on whom, fervent age was wont to rear
Its hopes,—a cherish'd child ; those on whom Love
Look'd, and was tied to by each thought sincere ;
And, oh, the orphan's tears ;—these are what move
The soul to grieve the deeds, which such afflictions prove.

LII.

Adieu, fair Brussels,—Soignies' beechen bower,
Now number'd in my song, once more, adieu !
Ne'er were ye known greater than at this hour,
Class'd with the mighty name of Waterloo !
Where late the deadly shafts of nations flew
The last proud monument of war to raise ;
Where Fame was lost,—and Fame more splendid grew
To stain or gild each nation's future days ;—
And thousands fell, to build some other thousands' praise.

LIII.

Yet, thou proud field of slaughter, on thy plain
Fam'd Waterloo, where thousands lie and rot,—
Still let the minstrel pour one parting strain,
Though war hath made thee men's sepulchral spot ;
Peace o'er their graves, it were a glorious lot
For those who fought for freedom ;—nor shall they,
Whilst ages roll along, e'er be forgot ;
Still shall a tribute every coming day
Hallow around their tombs with memory's purest ray.

END OF CANTO THE NINTH.

WAR OF THE ISLES.

CANTO X.

1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971) using a Shimadzu 1601 UV-Visible Spectrophotometer.

Trial	Control	MCI	AD
1	85	75	65
2	88	78	68
3	90	80	70
4	92	82	72
5	95	85	75

War of the Isles.

CANTO X.

I.

Oh, thou, my mind's created constant child,
Whom I have foster'd and have watch'd with care,
And sorrows have effac'd when thou hast smil'd,
And beam'd upon my soul with visions fair,
Beguiling many a far remembrance there,—
Once more I woo thy smile, fairer than when
My soul Hope's first-felt transports used to share,
And gave its numbers unto mortal ken,
Seeking the bowers of song o'er earth's wide denizen!

II.

Yes thou, that with the dream of things Elysian,
Bidding Hope, Fancy, all their powers expand,
Creating thought, embodying some vision,
Beauteous as Ariel, for the minstrel's wand,
To be his herald through the smiling land,
His bright imagination hath design'd,
And at the impulse of his heart or hand,
Hovering o'er ocean, earth, or heaven, to find
What Poesy would possess:—Thus beaming on the mind,—

III.

Again I woo thee, offspring of the Nine!
Oh, let the love I bear thee be avow'd,
Who, from my boyhood, at the sacred shrine,
Of an all-heavenly muse, my form have bow'd,
And tended offerings 'midst th' imploring crowd!
Long years have speeded on, and though my name
Can claim no praise which makes the minstrel proud;
Still, still the homage, my soul's earliest aim
Gave thee, I give, and hush each thought, upbraiding fame.

IV.

Oh he, who covets others' smiles, is prone
To a whole life of disappointment ! he
Who sums his earthly means, nor looks alone
On others for enjoyment, is as free
As the wild falcon, borne amidst the glee
Of the fresh breezes ! This it is to feel
The proud delights of independency :
In this Contentment doth its wealth reveal,
Where too few search, but to a captious world appeal.

V.

This is the good all strive at—few can reach ;
'Tis that the soul will wander far away,
In search of that, which time at last must teach
Lies mostly in ourselves ; and not to prey
On other's smiles, our longings to allay.
That heart is most contented, which can find
An ease within itself, nor keeps at bay
The soul in wild uncertainty—too blind
To see that self's alone the tenor of mankind.

VI.

How happy is that mind, supremely blest,
When every hour a pleasing task can bring,
Nor ever knows one moment unpossess'd,
One that yields not some knowledge on its wing !
Where heart and soul in unison can cling,
While Reason's argument each action rules,
Nor ever feels dark Ignorance's sting ;
Treats with disdain, Conceit and Pride,—the tools
Of Folly's froward sons,—the arrogance of fools !

VII.

But see Montmartre's bulwark'd heights arise,
Which, scarce a year, the Russian's standard crown'd ;
Who, as he planted it, gaz'd with surprise
To see it waving o'er that city's ground,
As if it were a dream, and all around
Hope's wanton visions to ensnare the mind ;
He, who of late had heard the vain Frank, sound
His war-blast 'neath the Kremlin's hall, to find
Fortune so chang'd from what his fears had once assign'd.

VIII.

Paris—behold each track-way to thy gates,
Is fill'd with warriors, glowing with the pride
Of brilliant conquest; Glory, which elates
At the sure overthrow of homicide;
And heart and hand in wreaths of Fame, allied,
Tend the last offering to thy humbled fall;—
At length the eagle, by its pinions tied,
Can soar no longer, vaunting over all,
In its own snare entrapp'd, doom'd to a goading thrall.

IX

For Europe, long disjoin'd, hath met once more;
The streams, long parted in their onward course,
By the huge rock, which separated o'er
On shallow surfaces, and straighten'd source,
Are mingled now with unimpeded force;
Born on their tide, are bubbles, which contain
The remnant hopes of France, which, in the toss
Of the swift-flowing waters, rise in vain,
Floating awhile to burst, and then subside again.

X.

For Earth hath burst its fetters,—it hath been
A chaos of events of wondrous kind ;
How varied in its change hath pass'd the scene,
All emanating most from one man's mind !
A Hercules in spirit,—yet design'd
To teach a moral lesson to the world,
That, how'er high its wishes are entwin'd,
Or loftily, Ambition's flag unfurl'd,
'Tis to be check'd at last, and thus in downfall hurl'd !

XI.

Yet Paris seems all festival, in glow
Of outward gaudiness, whose tinsels shine ! (1)
But are those swift-coin'd smiles, which quickly flow,
Feelings emitted from a heart's pure shrine ?
Lo ! their long-exil'd monarch, of the line
Of former kings, now treads its halls again,—
And, from yon gardens fair, all hearts combine
To pour enthusiasm in their strain,
Whilst revelries and dance the leafy paths contain.

XII.

How quick the frowns of ill have pass'd away !
Here is all mirth and merriment again,
And this loose capital is seen as gay
As 'midst its despot's grandeur ;—lo ! the vane
Still points to pleasure's pastimes, which maintain
Their revels, though arm'd nations crowd each bar
And avenue around ! for, slight is pain,
Where feeling doth not flow, the heart to mar ;—
And Vice still guides the rein, whilst Folly fills the car. (1)

XIII.

Paris, within thee, still are to be traced,
The sad effects of Revolution's acts,
Which time nor art have not as yet effaced,
Or worn away ; but still left many tracts,
The sad memorial of those cataracts
Of human vengeance, barbarism and pride !
Which sometimes stir 'mongst men ;—the gloomy facts
Bred by such minds, who, Power, attempt to stride,
Nor to that station keep, where they were born to ride.

XIV.

Alas ! it is a rueful thing to think,
That beings bless'd with such a bounteous land,
Thus should have used its gifts, and burst each link
Betwixt their God, and them :—urged by a band
Of sacrilegious souls, at whose command
Dwellings were raised, and blood in deluge shed ;
Where young and old, unspar'd, even by the hand
Of their own kindred ties, to death were led ;
Depopulated fields, and towns with victims spread !

XV.

In these deplor'd convulsions of mankind
Swollen, and caus'd by the foul precepts bred
In minds inflam'd,—what do we mostly find ?
'Tis like the river by the rain-storm fed,
Which bursts at last from its accustom'd bed,
Inundating the firmer structure, there,
Fast pent beneath, whilst weeds the surface spread ;
And thus a change in states must oft ensnare
Mankind in greater ills than those they would repair.

XVI.

Hath Revolution made this race more free?
Are there not some ever alive to take
The hazard of the moment, and to be
Perchance a greater scourge, even to shake
The world? These are the effects its changes make;
'Tis,—as when burning torrid sunbeams beat,
Oppressing all, except the venom'd snake,
Which then, invigorated by the heat,
Launches upon its prey, from an obscure retreat.

XVII.

Behold the Temple's site;—is there no trace
To tell where stood that dungeon, whence each deed,
(Stamping this nation's character as base
And vile) arose? (3) who striving to be freed
Burst ev'ry link 'twixt man?—each moral creed?
None!—not a stone remains upon a stone,
Where thousands were condemn'd to blight and bleed;
Still recollection wakes the feeling's tone,
And brings the shuddering chill,—the gasp,—the dying
groan!

XVIII.

Thou, place of blood, alas, what deeds were thine,
To heighten ingenuity of crime ;
Methinks, I view the deadly guillotine,
Which martyr'd innocence, in youth, and prime,
And age ;—stamping in blood, that page of time ;
Within thee, too, a victim'd monarch trod,—
Whose thoughts above earth's joys, and hopes sublime,
(Though pinion'd 'neath the power of demon-rod,)
Still brighter from its gloom, arose, and sought his God !⁽⁴⁾

XIX.

Oh, we may shudder o'er the now bare soil,
But all Imagination's direst tale
Speaks nothing, though the feelings may recoil ;
The archangel's trump must rend the awful veil,
Where crime shall cringe all hideously pale, ⁽⁵⁾
Ere palsied answers for those deeds are given ;
Yes, hapless flower of France,—within that jail
Whose dungeons vile, once frown'd, by demons
driven,
Thy suffering virtues gain'd, as, our hearts trust, a Heaven !

XX.

Let Contemplation turn her steps away,
From what must raise, in memory, pangs intense !
And led to scenes of livelier glow, survey
Thy grandeur, beauty, and magnificence,
Oh, Louvre ! where—the proud pre-eminence
Of all that painting, sculpture can combine,
Invites the astonish'd, and o'er-raptur'd sense :
And admiration finds in most, a shrine
To pour its praises on, with feelings half divine.

XXI.

Approach, and gaze !—'tis here, the heav'nly Muse
Of painting sits enthron'd, amidst the grand,
The awful, the sublime !—where forms and hues
Starting to life, and nature's looks, expand
With an o'er-mastering spell ; and so command
The soul's full adoration, that the heart
In lost amazement, would almost demand
How mortal skill could reach immortal art,
In such perfection ? and such glowing scenes impart,—

XXII.

Which breathe of life, and light and loveliness ?
Thy name, oh Raphael ! wakes us from the trance,
To more than feeling's fervour can express ; (7)
Behold, thy master-piece, which the aw'd glance
And mind pays homage to ! nor would advance
To gaze at, save, with all the sacred glow
Its solemn scene inspires,—and countenance
Our praise with holy thoughts ; and even so
Are the unqualified tributes, which from us flow,

XXIII.

At thy “ Transfiguration's ” scene sublime !
The Saviour of mankind, who brought the light
Of truth into the world, redeeming crime,
And wakening Earth to a pure sense of right ;
See how transcendent, in the heavenly might
Of that immortal essence ;—in his air
Is no imploring penitence,—one bright
Halo of glory's type enshrines him there ;
Peace, purity, and love, all blended in his prayer,

XXIV.

Communing with the Almighty One, again
The guerdon of his mission ; whilst around
His pious followers gaze, whose looks contain
Awe, and impressive wonder, at the sound
Which pierced their senses from that cloud profound !
And 'midst the crowd who have His footsteps sought,
Oh, mark the boy there, demon-spirit bound,
For never from the pencil'd power of thought
Came there a scene so rich, and with such grandeur
fraught !

XXV.

On every side, behold, a galaxy
Of light and colour : works which have been left
(Hallow'd by years) to immortality :
Of genius, made the consecrated gift
To every age ; and cannot be bereft
Of their full praise, until the wizard hand
Of time shall crumble them ; or they be cleft
By man's destroying arm, when o'er the land
Of science and of art, he hurls War's withering brand.

XXVI.

Salvator, here, whose genius lov'd to dwell,
 Midst scenes of awe, and savageness and gloom,
 Where nature's mood seems sternly to rebel
 'Gainst all that's calm ;—delighting to assume
 The phantom, or the bandit scene, and plume
 His skill 'midst rocks, and caves : witness, the Seer
 Of Endor, who, to prophecy, Saul's doom
 Invok'd the dead king's shade ! pourtray'd is here,
 All that in life is dread, and all in death austere ;—

XXVII.

Or turning, the voluptuary may feast
 His eye on Titian's more enchanting form
 Of Danaë ! who to her snowy breast
 Receives the golden shower, in transport warm,
 As to Olympian Jove she yields each charm ;
 Or gazing where some sweet Madonna's face
 Lifts her blue eyes to Heaven, whose looks disarm
 The soul of grosser thoughts, by each soft grace
 Which Guido's elegance of touch, so lov'd to trace.

XXVIII.

But who, where all are stars, will strive to choose
A constellation ? even so, 'twere vain,
Amidst the dazzling brilliancy of hues,
Forms—features—beauty—symmetry, to gain
The mind, one only bias to maintain
Where all possess attractions to applaud ;
For not alone, the number'd in my strain,—
Da Vinci ! the Caracci ! these will laud,—
Those, a Correggio, or golden scenes of Claude. (s)

XXIX.

Yet if the soul engross'd here at the sight,
Bids reason gaze, and wonder to behold !
Say, ye triumphant forms of Love and Light,
In your unmatched divinity of mould,
Which to the eye perfection's traits unfold,
Where shall expression, language hope to find,
In what is felt, yet cannot all be told ?
Where majesty, grace, symmetry, combin'd,—
To each, the sov'reignty of Sculpture hath assign'd,—

XXX.

And chain'd the world's vast homage ? gazing round,
How wafted is the memory to past ages ;
Statues of gods and men ; that here abound,
Divinities, kings, heroes, bards, and sages,
Sublime in song, renown'd in history's pages,—
Muteless ye are,—yet with the form and face
Which Greece or Rome beheld ; and nought assuages
The soul's inquiry, as we stand to trace
A trait, or lineament, around each statue's base,

XXXI.

The likeness of what was ;—Time's rolling tide,
Which moulders, ruins, or obliterates, *
Hath spar'd ye, and preserv'd, to be the pride
And study of mankind ; he, who elates
At science and the arts,—here consecrates
His feelings at these idols of the sense,
And to their true sublimity dilates
The expanding mind's ideas, grown intense,
And hallow'd in its thoughts, at their pre-eminence.

XXXII.

Italia, oh, Italia ! from thy halls,
These were War's spoil ! these wonders of the earth,
That form'd, within thy cities' classic walls,
Of Glory's relics the most splendid worth—
The paragons of art ! since Nature's birth,
Gave reason, taste, and talent, unto men !
Oh ! thro' Time's wrecks, even when, from each hearth,
Rome saw her household gods laid prostrate, when
The savage Goth, let loose from his barbaric den,—

XXXIII.

O'er-ran her capital, her temples, shrines !
These still were sav'd and reverenc'd ! though to be
Of grandeur past, the monumental signs !
E'en, as around tombs of the mighty, we
Behold the marble's sculptur'd effigy :
Yes, these were spar'd, until the more refin'd
System of modern conquest, plunder'd thee,
Italia, of thy treasures ! which were shrin'd
So deeply in thy breast, as to become entwin'd—

XXXIV.

Even with thy name and greatness ! Thy decay,
Tho' still impregnate with past fame, the more
Shone forth its glories ; as the golden ray
Of Autumn, on thy lov'd romantic shore,
Which last revived all classic lore,
Where yet the arts adorn'd each fane and hall :
But War denied thee even these, and, o'er
Thy towering Alpine barrier, led the Gaul,
To rob and wound thee still, and spread thy blackest pall.

XXXV.

Yet Fortune oft is juster than she seems,
And Fate bids Europe now prepare to hear
Of brighter days, and dwell on brighter dreams ;
Venice, her steeds yet on St. Mark's shall rear ;
And Poesy's fair god, the Belvidere
Shall hallow with his presence ; Florence too,
Her matchless goddess, (who for many a year
Was deem'd her pride and ornament,) shall view ;
For Gaul shall be convinc'd, her vauntage how untrue !

XXXVI.

And not the Seine's,—but Arno's, Tiber's banks,
Once more shall be revisited for these ;
Alas ! if Freedom, fetter'd there, still clanks
Its chains, Italia, midst thy palaces,
It is, that in thy offspring, the disease
Of lethargy ingloriously creeps ;
And, Nature's spirit drain'd, hath now the lees
Alone to live upon, whilst Freedom sleeps !
And oh, if Glory smiles, 'tis through the tear she weeps.

XXXVII.

Yet ask Philosophy's impartial laws,
The rise and fall of empires and of power,
The sophistry of systems, and the cause
Of Freedom failing, falling to the dower
Of despotism in Fortune's changeful hour !
And it will answer,—“ 'Tis in man's estate
To meet or mar the destinies which lower :—
The brave will rally 'gainst oppression's weight,
But they who bear the yoke must be degenerate.”

XXXVIII.

Search the world's annals, and then know, the end
Of each republic hath been Empire's bond.
Oh, what could Greece or haughty Rome transcend
In the stern freedom, which ev'n went beyond
The ties of love and life, tho' e'er so fond?
Which Cato's—Brutus' names hath memoriz'd!
Then let the heart which leans to it despond:
The daring of some being, and despis'd
Weakness of others, earth hath ever monarchiz'd!

XXXIX.

Nor is it gorgeous sceptre, crown, and globe,
Nor the high pomp and arrogance of power,
The splendid ceremony, ermin'd robe,
Nor train of fawning sycophants, who shower
Their flatteries on kings, that form their dower
Of pure and princely greatness; these may prove
The outward-acted grandeur of an hour;
But for true majesty, it is to move
Just in the eye of law, and in a people's love!

XL.

Oh, Fortune, to whose ministry we place
The fate which destines us in weal or woe,
Behold this bauble world ! whose erring race
Thou makest puppets of ; and high or low
(In thy uncertain balance,) friend or foe,
Controullest with thy mystic powers ! What soul
Is there, that doth not at thy altars bow,
Imploping thy beneficent controul,
To smile upon the path where all his fond hopes roll ?

XLI.

Seated on high, upon his glittering throne,
Deck'd out in gaud and gold, the ruler views
Empire and pomp, praise, pleasure, all his own !
Transcendant in their brilliancy of hues,
Transporting thro' their thousand avenues ;
And when,—than man, more like a demigod,
All tongues proclaim him, and all eyes suffuse
With wonderment, obedient to his nod,
Mistress of chance and change, with incantation's rod,—

XLII.

Thou com'st, and checking the swift-flowing tide
Which bore him,—as a bubble on its stream,
Behold it bursts ! so ends his bloated pride,
Making the brighter past, a troubled dream !
'Tis thou, that thrusting braggarts in the beam
Of honour's sun, the brave oft keep'st in shade ;
In idiot cap, mak'st Virtue half-brain'd seem ;
Cloth'st Wit in rags, whilst Folly is obey'd
In Fashion's garb ; and Vice, thro' thee hath homage paid.

XLIII.

Who should then envy power or pomp's estate ?
Contentment is man's real philosophy !
They know it most, the most who contemplate,
And with this truth end,—“ all is vanity !”
Would mankind question this ? Oh where is he
Who sees the present, and has seen the past ?
Has Earth beheld war's deluges, to be
No wiser ? Would Ambition have amass'd
Its grandeur by its guilt,—thus to resign at last,—

XLIV.

And make itself the martyr unto Fame ?
Away with sophistry ; it was a power
Who over-rules Earth's mightiest, who became
Awhile the seeming sanction to the dower,
To strike Pride in its most presumptuous hour,
And shew an awful lesson to mankind ;
For this do Vice and Folly often tower
O'er Virtue and o'er Reason, so design'd,
To tempt, and yet to teach, the guidance of the mind.

XLV.

'Tis past,—a trumpet sounds upon the ear,
And the hoarse drum's alarum rolls aloud !
France,—'tis the warriors, gather'd far and near,
To whom thy sons have in subjection bow'd,
(Humbling th' intent of tyranny avow'd,)
Turn to depart ; and history shall teach
Each future age these marvels of the proud ;
And Earth then learn to praise or to impeach,
When victors, victims, are, 'yond Hate's or Envy's reach !

XLVI.

'Tis past!—no longer doth Gaul's capital,
Rise with its white-sheen turrets on my sight ;
But, lo ! the glorious main ; Albion, thy wall,
Thy bulwark, and triumphant field in fight !
Its foaming waves, thy sons' free hearts invite,
To bear them to their country ! Oh, 'tis sweet,
After the toils of travel, to alight,
And fervent friends in generous welcome meet ;
Whilst Joy and Peace, and Love, with smiling accents
greet.

XLVII.

Then be these thoughts of joy my parting theme,
Since Hope gives promise now of peaceful years ;
Tho' Fame has bright allurements, and the beam
Which honour glows on great deeds, (when uprears
Glory's proud shrine,) marks Time, and name, com-
peers
In Fame's immortal records ; tho' there be
Souls, which delight alone, when, on their ears,
The rolling thunder racks its boisterous glee ;
And ride the ocean, when it heaves a mountain sea !

XLVIII.

Yet, oh, in quietness there is a charm,
That, like the beauteous halo round the star
Of Dian, so around our days of warm
And lively hope, sheds its soft rays; which are
Dew-drops, refreshing our existence far :
As fostering as the night-balm to the flower—
Else would the soul, 'midst the perpetual jar
Of fiery deeds, as in one ceaseless shower
Of elemental strife, soon close its mortal hour.

XLIX.

My shrine is gain'd ! that country, sage and free,
For which the plaudits of a world have rung;
Th' inviolate isle ! the mistress of the sea !
And Pallas o'er the earth ! whose name hath sprung
From her immortal triumphs !—proudly sung :
Let one all-humble minstrel pour his strains !—
Albeit, feebly are his harp's tones strung,
Still may his numbers echo round its fanes,
Land where an ALFRED reign'd ! and where a GEORGE
now reigns !—

L.

And glory sheds its lustre round her soil!
Where Freedom, temper'd by allegiance, smiles,
And Commerce sits triumphant; and the toil
Of Industry, fair Plenty's voice beguiles,
To bless the offspring of these glorious isles:—
Whose watchword is her liberty and laws!
Her immortality, which nought defiles;
Long may her sons to vaunt her, have such cause!
Long may she last, to draw a wondering world's ap-
plause!

LI.

Stranger, farewell, who o'er my lowly harp
Hast deign'd to scan the wanderings of my lay!
May clemency now counsel thee, nor carp
At these my strains, should my soul's faint essay,
Too feebly to thy mind, those scenes pourtray
Which I have number'd; yet, if it should claim
One tribute of just praise, it will repay:
'Tis hard to 'scape stern Criticism's aim,
And they must bear its shafts who seek the paths to Fame!

END OF CANTO X.

POSTSCRIPT.

Postscript.

SINCE this poem was intended for publication, the decease of that man, who caus'd Europe so much bloodshed and desolation, has taken place, and there are many, who acting on the principle "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*," may condemn the austerity with which I have depicted his character. It was written, however, during the time he filled so conspicuous a station on the theatre of the world, and I see no reason to alter the opinion then formed. The being, acting on the grand stage of events, with talent, power, and means to be of such benefit to mankind, perverting the use of such, into instruments of slavery, rapine and desolation, has no claim to the charitable feelings of his fellow-creatures; for the character of the man ought never to be lost in the importance of the monarch, and he who could despise the one, cannot deserve the other.

It has been observed, that had he not appeared to unfurl the standard of war over the face of Europe, some one else, equal in ambition and authority to himself, might have done so:—It is true, that war has ever existed, but can we con-

clude from that, that it is less pernicious to the generality of mankind? We may with equal propriety argue, that as sin appeared in the world at the creation, and has continued to exist since our first parent's fall, that the advocate of its cause could be justified in stepping forward to palliate the necessity of it. Such sophistry may entice the thoughtless, and delude the ignorant, but Truth and Reason are the standards of all things, and if we can find a plea to praise one oppressor and despoiler, we may with equal justice eulogize TIMOUR the TARTAR, or ALARIC the GOTH.

Who, or what, is to estimate the character of a being filling so powerful a station in public affairs? is it the few, whom, (necessary to his own aggrandisement,) he has advanced to title and riches? or, is it the many who have felt the force of his ambition and oppression, in the trampling down of their harvests, and the desolation of their homes? I know of no casuist, even, who would attempt to argue such a subject. But to conclude,—so much has been said and recorded of the individual, and the history of his usurpations and despotism, that if the present work should live to futurity, amongst its cotemporaries, it will be found, I believe, neither severe in its judgments, nor singular in its opinions.

NOTES.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

Note 1, page 5.

Though cynic statesmen may condemn—

During the commencement of the Spanish war, it was the opinion of many of the political characters in England, who had always sided with the Opposition, that the part which Great Britain had taken in the cause was but an useless expenditure of men and money; looking upon Buonaparte as the monster Briareus, who was to terrify all minds into submission, and whose power was deemed totally insubversible, they were continually animadverting on the folly of Government in attempting to cope with his giant strength. Latter times have shewn how little party opinions are to be relied on, and if, (as many of the statesmen of the day would have wished), peace had been concluded with Napoleon, the end of all would most probably have been after the subjugation of Spain, like that of Holland, Italy, Prussia, Austria, &c. and we may almost add Russia, who stood gazing and intimidated; we should have had an attempt, more formidable than the first, to invade our own peaceful shores and homes. Such is, at least, the most probable undertaking to have suggested itself to the

ambitious views of the Usurper, who always regarded Britain with an eye of the most determined hatred and envy ; and who, after subjugating or aweing those around him, would have turned his entire views to the conquest of the British dominions.

Note 2, Stanza vi.

When Gallia's sons with discord rent their soil.

When we look to the events of the French Revolution, who can meditate for a moment and not be horror-struck at the numberless atrocities and crimes which stigmatize the French nation ! There is no doubt that the people had many causes of grievance, yet if we view France immediately after she threw off the crown of royalty, and the powers of government were committed to an unwieldy multitude, if we look to Marat, Danton, Robespierre, and a thousand others of those blood-thirsty minds, who sprung up as vipers from a dung-hill, and deluged the fair fields of France with blood and outrage, overturning all law, human and moral, extirpating their fellow-creatures, and denying their God, we must decide that the evils which France suffered before were trifling in comparison to those which visited her when once the flame of rebellion had burst forth.

Note 3, Stanza vii.

*That chief whose guise
Was as a thunder-storm, that bursts upon the skies.*

The rise of Napoleon was as rapid as it was successful, and I may safely compare his burst from obscurity, his campaigns in Italy, which

so established his military character and talent, his overthrow of the National Assembly, his self-creation of Consul, and lastly of Emperor, all following in a rapid, bold, awful, and masterly succession, as the flashes of lightning, and roll of a thunder-storm. He alone seemed to have had the talent to take advantage of the disasters of France, and have turned them to his own benefit and elevation.

Note 4, Stanza x.

*The firm binding wall
Of laws and bold allegiance.*

Alfred the Great, the founder of the English monarchy, framed a body of laws, which served long as the basis of English jurisprudence, and is generally deemed the origin of what is denominated the Common Law. Amidst the rigours of justice this great prince preserved the most sacred regard to the liberty of his people, and it was a memorable sentiment preserved in his will,—“that it was just, the English should remain for ever as free as their own thoughts.”—Vide Hume’s England.

Note 5, Stanza xii.

*The Deity
Punish’d the offence, as impioussness should be!*

It was said, if I mistake not, by Xerxes, “that the arrows of his numberless host would obscure the sun;” a threat to strive and intimidate the Greeks, arrogating to himself that powerful pride in his command over such a vast monarchy and multitude; and it seems as if Providence had determined to punish it, when we look to

the striking event which led to the glory of the Greeks at Thermopylæ.—The answer of Dienices, the most conspicuous amongst the Lacedemonians next to Leonidas, deserves to be recorded, who, being told of the saying of Xerxes, replied,—“so much the better, as the battle would then be in the shade.”

Note 6, Stanza xv.

Denying e'en the POWER which guides creation's helm!

The National Assembly formally denied the existence of a God, in their decree of Aug. 26, 1792; a horrible day, unprecedented in the annals of the world!—To give an idea how far the ambitious motives of the heart will overcome the religious, I will add the Mahometan Manifesto of Buonaparte, dated July 1, 1799.

“In the name of God, gracious and merciful, there is no God, but God.—He has no Son or associate in His kingdom.”

“Inhabitants of Egypt,

“When the Beys tell you the French are come to destroy your religion believe them not; it is an absolute falsehood. The French adore the Supreme Being, and honour the Prophet Mahomet and his holy Koran.”

“The French are true Musselmen. Not long since they marched to Rome, and overthrew the throne of the Pope, who excited the Christians against the professors of Islamism. Afterwards they directed their course to Malta, and drove out the believers (the Knights Templars), who imagined they were appointed by God to make war upon the Mussulmen, &c. &c. &c.

Note 7, Stanza xix.

————— *The nation who outvied
In arts and arms, through centuries of yore,
And beat so oft to freedom, was no more!*

What would Virgil say could he see the offspring of the heroes of his day? and what of the glory of his country in its present state of lethargy and ingloriousness! he who said—

“Tu regere imperio, populo Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacique imponere morem
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.”

Note 8, Stanza xxi.

————— *Oh! that the throne,
E'en of the Cæsars, should have had to yield.—*

It may not be improper to observe, that if we except Bohemia, Moravia, and a part of Hungary, between the Zeyss and Danube, all the other dominions of the house of Austria were comprised within the Roman empire, and the present reigning prince styles himself emperor of the Romans.

Note 9, Stanza xxiii.

*Behold, your Nelson at Aboukir's side,—
Or, Alexandria's field, where Abercrombie died!*

Certain it is, that the events here recorded shine most conspicuously

in the page of history. At a time when Europe was awe-struck at the despot, the one half of it subjugated, it was the bounty of that power, who watches over all, to protect England, and elevate her glory; and insulated as her successes were, they alone, amidst the terror of the times, partially arrested the Usurper's power, and humbled his arrogance and ambition.

Note 10, Stanza xxvii.

————— *Who could pour down*
On Prussia's consort woes worthy a fiend's renown!

I allude to the treatment which the unfortunate Queen of Prussia experienced from Buonaparte and his partizans in the invasion of that monarchy.

Note 11, Stanza xxviii.

Monarchs in tacit, meek submission bowed;

When the French had reached Tilsit, an armistice was immediately granted at the request of the Russian General, who consented that the Niemen should be the boundary between the armies during the negotiation.

A separate truce was adjusted with the Prussian monarch, whose fortresses of Colberg, Graudentz, and Pillau, not being yet taken by the besiegers were to remain in the same state.

On the invitation of Napoleon, who wished to exert all his address for the seduction of Alexander from the paths of honour and political virtue, an interview took place between these potentates upon a

raft in the middle of the river. Each prince, accompanied by five generals and courtiers, reached the raft from the opposite bank at the same moment, and those who had so lately aimed at the ruin of each other embraced with an appearance of cordiality.—They conversed for two hours in a pavilion, and the artful ruler of France displayed, in such glowing colours, the joys of extended power, and held out such an attractive prospect of the advantages which might be derived from an union of counsel with the great empire, that Alexander, who, in his attack upon the Porte had shewn himself not destitute of ambition, listened with pleasure to his new adviser, and was ready to rush into an odious and disgraceful alliance."—*Russ. Mod. Eur.* Part. 4, Let. 8, page 178.

Note 12, Stanza xxx. xxxi.

Lo, the poor Tyrol in his Alpine cot,

There is no country in Europe which exhibits both the beauties of nature and the character of man, in a more striking or interesting aspect than the Tyrol. The events of late years have given an interest of a higher kind to its mountains and vallies, than belongs to the theatre of any other warfare.

Bold as the spirit of resistance was which every where arose to wait the progress of the French dominions, and valiantly as the people of every country have struggled to preserve their independence, or recover their national glory, which their late misfortune had sullied, there is yet no country which have evinced so heroic a spirit, there is no people who have displayed so memorable a devotion as the inhabitants of Tyrol. The Spaniards, had a great country and fortresses, and the powerful assistance of England to support them ;

the Russians rated on the resource of a mighty empire, and developed the military power which had so long made Europe tremble, in defending themselves against the French invasion: the Prussians rose against a weakened and dispirited enemy, and shared in the exultation of unequalled triumphs when they joined the victorious Russians in the pursuit of their enemy. It was in the Tyrol only that the people rested on their own courage and patriotism alone. It was there, that at the first signal of war, its whole population flew to arms. They stopped not to calculate the chances of success in the contest in which they were to engage; they weighed not the weakness of their own resources, and the small number on which they could depend, when compared with the appalling multitude by whom they were to be assailed. They heard only the voice of their Sovereign calling them to arms, and listened only to the dictates of their own hearts in the answer which they made to him.—“Vide Char. of Tyrolese, Black. Mag. Feb. 1819, page 585.

Note 13, Stanza xxxii.

*And ('ere they fought at Wilten's Abbey) made
An offering to our "Lady's shrine!"—*

At the foot of the mountain Isel there is a celebrated Abbey, the Abbey of Wilten, formerly belonging to the order of St. Bennett, but now to the Præmonstratenses, who were settled there in the year 1136, by Bishop Regenbert. Amongst the holy treasure of which the Abbey can boast, the one which principally attracts the devotion of the faithful is a most venerable image of our Lady.

According to the legend, it was brought into the country by the Christians who served in the 'tenth thundering legion,' and to her pro-

tection is ascribed the victory which was gained by that legion in the year 137, when serving under Marcus Aurelius against the Marcomanni and the Quadi. Few can be so sceptical as to venture to doubt the truth of the story, since it is confirmed by the verses which from time immemorial have been engraved under the statue of the giant Heymon, who was almost a saint himself, and whose "counterfeyt," is to be seen as large as life in the same abbey. Prophecies often work their own accomplishments. An old tradition was afloat amongst the people, that the neighbourhood of Isel and Wilten was one day or another to bring good fortune to the Tyrol; and, whether by chance or design, the united forces of the Tyrolese, the greater part of which consisted of the inhabitants of the southern and eastern vallies, whom Hofer had collected under his banners, were here opposed to the Bavarians. A general but decisive action took place on the 25th February; the engagement was renewed on the 29th, and it ended in the total defeat of the Bavarians. In this battle Speckbacher's courage, and inventive genius was pre-eminent. In order to deter the Bavarians from attacking a weak point of the Tyrolese positions, he threw up an intrenchment mounted with trunks of trees, so cut and placed as to resemble field-pieces. Musquets were tied together and discharged, at the same instant, by which a very loud report was produced, and this fictitious battery succeeded in keeping the Bavarians at a respectful distance.—Vide Hist. of the Tyrol. Edinb. Rev. Sept. 1816, No. LIII.

Note 14, Stanza xxxiii.

Religion, binding with an awe most holy!—

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the character of the

Tyrolese is their uniform piety, a feeling which is no where so universally diffused as amongst their sequestered vallies. The most cursory view of the country is sufficient to demonstrate the strong hold which religion has taken of the minds of the peasantry. Chapels are built at every half mile on the principal roads, in which the passenger may perform his devotion, which may awaken the thoughtless mind to a recollection of its religious duties.

Note 15, Stanza xxxvi.

*Must Mantua tell
How Hofer died?—*

Hofer was hunted out of his hiding-place, and, though it is said that pardon was positively pronounced, was tried by a military commission, and shot on the following day in the citadel of Mantua.

Note 16, Stanza xxxvii.

Wile the thoughts of those whose hearts he meant to cheat.

On the arrival of the envoy (General Savary), to announce Buonaparte's approach and solemnly to assure Ferdinand of his intention to recognize him as King, the prince, having arranged a council of Government under the presidency of the Infant Don Antonio, proceeded to Burgos to meet his expected visitant. Not finding him in that city he went forward to Vittoria, from whence, after a few days' halt, he was prevailed upon, by the most bare-faced falsehoods and unblushing villainy, to extend his journey to Bayonne. The day of his arrival, the man whose honour was pledged to the

contrary notified to Ferdinand the determination of Buonaparte never to recognize him as King, and that the Bourbon dignity should henceforth cease to reign in Spain.—Vide Jones' Nar. of the War, p. 10.

END OF THE NOTES TO CANTO I.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

Note 1, Stanza v.

*Gerona's mound,
And Saragossa's brightly honour'd ground.*

The first sieges of Gerona and Saragossa in 1808; both of which are so honourable to the Spaniards, whose conduct was still further testified in their subsequent resistance at the second sieges of those cities, though unfortunate in their termination. The names of Palafox and Alvarez, deserve to be recorded in the brightest page of history, which will tell hereafter of the Spanish war.

Note 2, Stanza viii.

*— Suffering him to steal on terms away,
Thus cancelling the fame of Victory's latent sway.*

There was no doubt a great manifestation of neglect, on the part of those who framed the Convention of Cintra, towards the Portu-

guese nation; who were obliged to look calmly on at Junot and their oppressors, embarking with the pillage of their churches, and carrying off the fruits of their rapine and extortion; and it was only in some few instances of great outrage that the British thought proper to interfere in behalf of the inhabitants of Lisbon.

The Generals, and the constituted authorities of Portugal, protested in the most solemn and forcible manner against the neglect of the interests of their countrymen, manifested by various articles of the treaty, and the indignation of the populace of Lisbon, could only be repressed by the interposition of a British force.—Vide Jones' War, p. 30.

Note 3, Stanza x.

Reverse! the last idea entering there.

The soldiers of other nations are brave, and in the first fervours of enthusiasm, and, the intelligence of individuals, the British army is surpassed by others. But it alone has that quality which may be termed the nobility of animal nature, which is called blood and game in the inferior creatures, and forms a natural and important distinction in the same species. This quality derives the ability to vanquish from an actual inability to yield; and leaves to those who guide the conflict no need to estimate the extent of courage to encounter, but simply to calculate the amount of physical strength to sustain.

Note 4, Stanza xi.

Nurtur'd within each glen and mountain's hold.

The wild and magnificent scenery of the Highlands, when viewed in connection with the peculiar habits and manners of the inhabitants,

has always been regarded as an object of interesting curiosity to the southern natives of Great Britain, and in modern times has excited the investigation of the natural historian, and claimed the attention of the moral philosopher.

Secluded by the formidable aspect of their mountains, and dissonance of their language, from intercourse with the rest of the world, they formed of themselves an original nation regulated by customs and laws exclusively their own.

Note 5, Stanza xii.

The son of mirth, the soul of melody.

In the general character of the Irish many traits are completely national, and are common to all ranks. They are brave, lavish in hospitality, warm-hearted, sensible, witty, possessing an uncommon cheerfulness of disposition. The Irish soldier displays an equal bravery with the English or Scotch, but it is accompanied with a carelessness of consequences, amounting to temerity.

Note 6, Stanza xiii.

Where, in a country's cause, some patriot-bosom bleeds.

How many names are there to warrant this assertion? Not alone in the days of Marathon and Thermopylæ, but every succeeding age down to the present, has added to the list of patriotism; although it cannot be denied but that increased luxury has effeminated in man the bolder spirit which was displayed, and which we read of in the earliest annals of the world.

Note 7, Stanza xv.

But hark, th' alarum sounds on Douro's banks,

The passage of the Douro was one of the boldest and most successful attempts during the Peninsular war.

Note 8, Stanza xix.

— *Where lofty Cintra meets the storm,
Which struck with majesty my youthful mind.*

It was the first time I had visited any foreign shore, and I cannot describe the sensation I experienced in viewing the shores of Portugal and the heights of Cintra. It was a heavenly evening when the vessel, gliding over the clear calm waters of the ocean, reached the lovely scene; the sun, setting in a blaze of unusual splendor sent forth its brilliant beams on the rock of Cintra, now clothed in Spring's richest mantle; and the contrast of light and shade, occasioned by the depth of the valleys, unpenetrated by the sun's rays, gave a diversity of colouring which heightened the charm of the landscape; behind it were seen the less mountainous hills of Mafra, gradually receding, whilst the peak of some higher and more discernible Serra crowned them in the distance with its darker summits, breaking the line of horizon which otherwise would have appeared too regular and unvaried.

Not 9, Stanza xxii.

The deeds, oh, Spain, of Saragossa's maid.

The deeds of the maid of Saragossa are too well known to require

any remark; suffice to say, she was a female of that determined spirit and patriotism, which causes her name to be mentioned with admiration, and it is to be lamented that the whole of her countrymen did not evince an equal spirit, and follow her daring example.—Her history reminds us of the exploits of the Maid of Orleans, and may furnish some future minstrel of Spain, a subject worthy of Epic poetry.

END OF THE NOTES TO CANTO II.

NOTES TO CANTO III.

Note 1, Stanza i.

Thy minstrel, Camoens!—

Amongst the many instances of the neglect which genius and talent have often experienced in the world, none strikes us more forcibly than Luis de Camoens. To speak of the *Lusiad* with the merit it deserves, is to place it next to the *Paradise Lost* in the list of modern epic poetry.—The dissertation by Mickle, the elegant translator of the *Lusiad*, has only to be read to convince that it abounds in every thing which constitutes epic poetry, and the critique of Voltaire, more copious in wit than correct in judgment, is totally negatived in this spirited essay.—The translation of his lesser poems, by Lord Strangford, equally shews the brilliancy of his lyrical muse.

In reading his life, prefixed to both publications, every feeling mind will sympathize and lament the misfortunes and distresses of his dying hours, while, at the same time, it will scarcely refrain from showering its abuse on that nation, (of which he was, and his works are still the brightest ornament,) for neglecting a man who added so much

to her fame; but he lived in unfortunate times; had the young Sebastian returned victorious from the battle of Alcazar, his genius and his heroism would have been rewarded as they deserved, but the crown falling into the hands of Henry, his pension, it is said, was taken from him, and he died shortly after in the greatest poverty, wanting the common necessities of life.

Portugal, at that time was falling fast into supineness, and was shortly after annexed by Philip of Spain to his territory. Camoens must have been aware of the state of ingloriousness into which the grandees of Portugal were allowing their country to droop, when, in one of his last letters, he has these remarkable words, "I am ending the course of my life—the world will witness how I have loved my country; I have returned not only to die in her bosom, but to die with her."

NOTE 2, Stanza vii.

— *When Braganza's youthful prince espous'd
Its call of glory.*

Vertot, in his "Révolutions de Portugal," a most valuable and interesting work, gives an account of the enterprize of Don Sebastian against the Moors, which terminated in the fatal battle of Alcazar. Espousing the cause of Mahomet, who was disputing the throne with Muley, and who had flown to Portugal, and asked succour from Sebastian,—that young prince, then in the ardour of youth, summoned all the nobles of the land, and having assembled about 13,000 men, headed by the grandees of the kingdom, set sail for the shores of Africa never to return again, and but few of the nobles or soldiers who had stepped forward so ardent in the contest, escaped his fate.

Note 3, Stanza viii.

*To see each sex, the young and aged, turn
From their lov'd homes.*

It was a gratifying though melancholy sight, to witness on the advance of the French, the entire population of different provinces, accompanying the marches of a retiring army, quitting their homes, and sacrificing all their immoveable property for the general good; Men, women, and children, alike terrified, hurrying onward, and not knowing when or where to repose. Fifty thousand of these fugitives found support and consolation in the hospitality and kindness of the citizens of Lisbon; but an equal number, who fled to the left bank of the Tagus, long remained exposed to the weather and a large proportion miserably perished from hunger and disease before relief could be administered.

Many of these creatures passed the whole season of winter exposed to the inclemencies in the neighbouring woods and mountains, subsisting merely on roots and herbs; and, on the advance of the allies, returned to their houses, their bodies emaciated from abstinence, and their intellects impaired by continual apprehension.

The loss sustained by Portugal in this invasion may be in some degree imagined, when it is stated, that, in very extensive districts, neither a living animal, nor any article of subsistence, was to be found at the departure of the French, and that the description they applied to their line of march, when advancing, became latterly, with the exception of the running wine, applicable to the country over which they spread; "The towns and villages deserted, the mills destroyed, the wine running in the gutters, the corn-stacks burnt, even the very

furniture broken, neither a horse nor a mule, nor a cow, not even a goat to be seen." *—Vide Jones' War, p. 134.

Note 4, Stanza xii.

————— *Behold this land,
Bulwark'd in part by thee.*

Lisbon, being situated at the extremity of a peninsula, formed by the sea and the Tagus, it is apparent, that if an army be so posted as to extend across the neck of the peninsula no enemy can penetrate to that city without a direct attack in front of the army so formed.—It was on this principle that the lines covering Lisbon were planned by Lord Wellington. Nature drew the outline of a strong defensive position, and art rendered it perfect. A tract of country of thirty miles, extending from the mouth of the Lizandra on the ocean, to Alhandra on the Tagus, was modelled into a field of battle. Mountains were scarped perpendicularly, rivers dammed and inundations formed; all roads favourable to the enemy were destroyed, and others made to facilitate the communications of the defenders; formidable works were erected to strengthen and support the weak points, whilst numerous cannon, planted on posts inaccessible to the enemy, commanded the different approaches to them, and gave an equality of defence to the whole position.—Jones' War, p. 124.

Note 5, Stanza xvi.

One shriek arose of tumult and despair.

Disgusting accumulations of dirt and filth, and remnants of the

* Official extract of the *Moniteur*.

most unhealthy food, observed in every town and village, with the wretched and squalid appearance of most of the prisoners, and the unprovided and neglected state of the hospitals, sufficiently testified the miserable condition to which the invaders were reduced, and accounts for so prodigious a mortality beyond that inflicted by the sword. The sufferings and the losses of the French, however, were nothing in comparison with those, their visitation inflicted on Portugal and its inhabitants.

Note 6, Stanza xviii.

*All—all deserted, save by wolves, or some
Poor squalid beldame, and her grey-hair'd mate.*

Nearly 2000 square miles of country remained for five months with scarcely an inhabitant; every thing it contained was devoured by the enemy, or destroyed by the season. In the space immediately bounding the position of the two armies, which was not permanently occupied by either, the harvest perished on the ground, and the fruit fell rotten from the trees; flocks of innumerable small birds, as if drawn to the spot by instinct, fattened unmolested on the ungathered grapes, and latterly the very wolves, conscious of security or rendered more daring by the absence of their accustomed prey, prowled about, masters of the territory, reluctantly giving way to the cavalry patrols, which occasionally crossed their path.—Jones' War, p. 130.

For a further account of what the French suffered in that campaign, and of the miseries they inflicted on the poor inhabitants of Portugal, see one of their own accounts in the "Campagne de l'Armée de Portugal, par Monsieur Guinget, Chef de Bataillon."

Note 7, Stanza. lx.

Still the same

Full praise of glory swells the flowing tide,

It only requires time to hallow recent events, and crown them with the garland of years, to render the names of the noted warriors of the present day, as distinguished in the award of honour and immortality, as those of the past ; and, there is but little doubt, that in the lapse of centuries, some highly gifted minstrel, who takes the events of the war in Spain for his subject, in searching records for the heroes of its battles, will gild many a name, now little mentioned, with the laurel wreath of valour, equal, perhaps, to the honours and tribute of praise which even Homer or Virgil have paid to the heroes of their works.

END OF THE NOTES TO CANTO III.

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

Note 1, Stanza vii.

*There are no Dorias now, to earn a claim
On freedom's smile ;*

The influence of Doria's virtue and example communicated itself to his countrymen ; the factions which had long torn and ruined the state seemed to be forgotten ; prudent precautions were taken to prevent their reviving, and the form of Government, which has subsisted with little variation since that time in Genoa, was established with universal applause. Doria lived to a great age, beloved, respected, and honored, by his countrymen, and, adhering uniformly to his professions of moderation, without arrogating any thing unbecoming a private citizen, he preserved a great ascendant over the councils of the Republic, which owed its being to his generosity.—The authority which he possessed was more flattering as well as more satisfactory than that derived from sovereignty, a dominion founded in love and gratitude, and upheld by veneration for his virtues, not by the dread of his power. His memory is still rever-

enced by the Genoese, and he is distinguished in their public monuments, and celebrated in the works of their historians, by the most honorable of all appellations, "*The Father of his country and the Restorer of its Liberty.*"—Vide Robertson's Charles V., book 5, p. 22.

Note 2, Stanza vii.

————— *With her council pass'd*
The soul of Venice ;

The institution of the terrible Council of Ten, the necessary result of the unjust operation executed by the Doge Gradenigo, may be considered as the slow poison which led Venice to its destruction. Several families succeeded in making the cause of the Republic their own, it was the fruit of the terror inspired by the merciless severity of the Council of Ten ; so that at last not a single person remained in Venice who deserved to be called a citizen, and, which has happened no where else, the approach of oppression did not inflame any of those ardent souls who despise danger when the deliverance of their country is at stake ; Venice fell though it had at its command two hundred armed and equipped gun-boats, fifteen thousand good soldiers, cantoned in the Lagunes, and above nine hundred pieces of cannon mounted in the batteries. Impregnable on the side of the Lagunes, and more so on that of the sea, there is no stronger military situation in Europe. But the country has ceased to exist ; the chief persons of the state cared only for their possessions on the Terra Firma, and the commanders of the armed force did not dare to save the country in spite of the Council of Ten, as they knew very well that in a few months, the Decemvirs would have them seized and strangled for having had the boldness to act without awaiting their command.

I had the curiosity to visit the apartments and the prisons of that terrible Council. Formerly no Venetian passed this fatal door without trembling, over which was inscribed "Capi de Dieci." Now the signs of terror have disappeared. The apartments of the Council of Ten, and of the state Inquisitors, are connected with a secret staircase, by which the victims were led.—Some were brought down from the prisons known by the name of the Piombi, the Leads; other citizens were led by a staircase to the Bridge of Sighs, and from thence into the dreadful subterraneous vaults which were built on a level with a solitary canal, and were so damp that the wood in them was rotten.—One of the vaults was used for strangling the prisoners in. The criminal, who was brought with a rope round his neck, into this chamber of death, was placed before an iron grating, behind which in an adjoining passage stood the executioner, who took hold of the end of the string, and, with a screw, put an end to the being of the unhappy person, whose corpse was thrown with a stone round his neck into the canal through a window, the grating of which opened for those works of darkness.

I cannot express the indignation which seized me amidst those silent testimonies of human perversity. People admire, and I have no objection to admit, the great character displayed by the Venetians in critical moments, but it is impossible for a brave man, of whatever political persuasion he may be, when he visits the monuments from which I had just returned, not to congratulate Europe on the disappearance of this dreadful instrument of tyranny, which was begun to be imitated elsewhere.

In wandering through these apartments of aristocratical vengeance, you begin to perceive how it could be possible for a Republic so mighty as Venice was, to fall so unworthily and shamefully. The explanation of this enigma is written on the walls of the Council of

Ten. There is inscribed a great lesson to all states, that, when the hour of danger approaches, the moral strength of the state alone can be its anchor of safety. On visiting the collection of pictures in the Palazzo Nani, I observed the helm of a hero of that name, which hung on the walls of the corridor or hall, through which you pass in the palaces of the Venetian nobility into the chambers themselves.

It seems that this custom of the Romans, which is so well calculated to excite generous emulation, was imitated by the Venetians, whose Republic is, as it were, the link which connects the time of the Romans with our's. What sorrowful reflections must the young Venetians of the present day make if they are told the signification of these decorations, which are often covered with ignoble dust!—Vide Unpublished Jour. of Gen. la Harpe.

Note 3, Stanza ix.

Fate o'ertakes

The proudest edifice and noblest plan

Genius can form, and their foundation shakes,

“Such is the empire of fortune, (if we may still disguise our ignorance under that popular name), that it is almost equally difficult to foresee the events of war, or to explain their various consequences; a bloody and complete victory has sometimes yielded no more than the possession of the field, and the loss of ten thousand men has been sometimes sufficient to destroy in a single day the work of ages.”—Gibbon, vol. vi, chap. xxxviii. p. 329.

Note 4, Stanza x.

*An upstart Corsican's created lord,
Demand a prize which Spain had treasured and ador'd!*

Ferdinand having announced to his people, that the change in the government was effected with a design the more strictly to cement the alliance between the French and Spanish nations; Murat thereupon craftily expressed a desire to receive, as a mark of that increased friendship, the sword of Francis, taken at Pavia, which the Spaniards preserved with the utmost veneration, fondly regarding it as a proud trophy of their former greatness. The prince not only hastened to comply, but made a merit of the act, and sent the sword on the 5th of April, with great pomp and ceremony, to the French head quarters, thus lowering his own dignity, and outraging the feelings of the people at the moment when destruction could only be avoided by cherishing both.—Vide Jones' War, p. 8.

Note 5, Stanza xi.

But most Godoy! thy mightiest and thy worst!

Whilst a sentiment of pity is bestowed on the fate of the misguided Charles and his credulous son, every one must rejoice that the traitor Godoy met with his full share of disappointment and humiliation; the promised sceptre vanished from his grasp, and his enormous and ill-acquired wealth was confiscated in support of the cause he had endeavoured to betray.—*Ibid*, page 12

Note 6, Stanza xii.

A foul mantle wraps the baseful Morla's shade!

General Morla, the late Governor of Cadiz, who had for some time previously presided over the military councils of Spain, negotiated the capitulation of Madrid, and as he subsequently preferred rank and safety under Joseph Buonaparte to a fate similar to that of St. Juan, and other unsuccessful commanders, which he had too much reason to dread, from the violence of a disappointed, though not humiliated, soldiery; a long course of active treachery has been laid to his charge. His actions certainly fell far short of that unbending firmness the confidence reposed in him demanded; and his acceptance of service under the usurper admits of neither palliation nor excuse, and for such conduct the name of Morla, even without the addition of previous treason, must go down to posterity as that of a base and unworthy Spaniard.—*Ibid*, page 15.

Note 7, Stanza xvii.

— *Point their gorgeous fabrics to the skies!*

The university of Salamanca was founded in the year 1220, by Alphonso IX. King of Leon; it was not finally endowed, however, until the year 1254, by Alphonso the Wise. The course of studies is eight years, four of philosophy and four of divinity. Besides the cathedral, which is so striking for its architecture and sculpture, the church of the Dominicans, is also very splendid, and the convent of St. Dominic, &c. There are, besides the university, twenty-five colleges; the Irish college also, which formerly belonged to the Jesuits, founded in 1660.

Note 8, Stanza xix.

Nor female steps profan'd that sacred ground.

The monasteries (in a great measure abolished by the French, who drove out or terrified the monks from them) were turned into quarters for their soldiery; our army were glad also to convert them to the same use, now rendered unfit for any other thing.

It is contrary to all the laws and canons of the order of monks to admit women into their monasteries, and when I say "profaned," it is supposing they were admitted under improper circumstances, as one of their vows on entering, is to adhere to celibacy. The punishment for the infringement of this vow was formerly that of being immured; in latter days excommunication has appeased their rigid minds and principles.

Note 9, Stanza xxvii.

*Fatigued, forlorn, lo! Alba's sought abode,
Hears many a famish'd yell and dismal rave.*

The retreat of the French, through Alba de Tormes, from the field of battle, was one irregular and terrified flight; and many lost their lives by trying to cross the Tormes, solely from the anxiety to escape captivity, which a little coolness would have prevented.

Note 10, Stanza xxxiii.

————— *And from the distant hill
Conveys the sparkling waters of the rill.*

An aqueduct, the most stupendous of its sort, and unimpaired from

the length of years it has stood, embellishes the city of Segovia.*—The palace of St. Ildefonso, situated in a most beautiful and romantic valley at the foot of the Guadarama hills, was built by Philip V. in imitation of Versailles.

Note 11, Stanza xxxv.

Praise of patriot hearts, and smile of beauty's lips..

It was a gratifying sight, on the entrance of the British and Portuguese army into Madrid, to see the gratitude and enthusiasm manifested by the inhabitants of that capital. The aged, the youthful,—men, women, and children, all flocked to behold their deliverers; they clung to the stirrup leathers of the horsemen—they seized hands, and wrung them in the delirium of their feelings, whilst their lips testified by their words, and their eyes by the joy lighted in them, what they felt so sensibly.

Could those people who looked on the Spanish war with dissatisfaction and distrust, have seen, at that moment of general joy, those sensations of all that was honourable to the character of Spain, and gratifying to the generosity of Great Britain, the word of censure would have ceased amidst those acclamations of sincerity; and the heart turned willingly into the tide of general fervour, and owned that human nature can know and feel nothing more delightful than that of being a witness to, and at the same time an instrument in, alleviating the sufferings of a whole nation, and of seeing the smiles of

* This aqueduct has been referred by some writers to a very remote antiquity, and ascribed to the architects who built the Egyptian temple of Serapis, but which, much more probably, originated with the Romans, at an unascertained period, but perhaps with the authority of Licinius, Larcus, or Trajan. The whole range comprehends 159 arches, supported on pilasters.

gratitude lighting the warrior's step in his triumphs, and repaying him for the energy of his toils.

Note 12, Stanza xxxvii.

Follows he Timour's steps, or Macchiavelli's laws?

Amongst the men of letters, who have left their works for the astonishment of after ages, Macchiavelli stands conspicuous. His work entitled "Il Principe," has been generally regarded as the manual of a tyrant; all its maxims and counsels being directed to the maintenance of power, however acquired, and by any means. The writer's intention in this work has been a matter of much controversy; some have held him up as an abandoned promoter of tyranny, and others have maintained, that he was its concealed but decided enemy, who meant to put "the people" on their guard against its machinations. Cæsar Borgia was the hero of his work; it has nevertheless affixed to his name a lasting stigma, and machiavelism has become a received appellation for perfidious and infamous politics.

Note 13, Stanza xxxix.

*'Twas from that sophistry in power, he drew
His fortunes, all o'erglossing with the hue
Of misnam'd freedom.*

Augustus was sensible that mankind is governed by names, nor was he deceived in his expectations that the senate and people would submit to slavery, provided they were respectfully assured,

that they still enjoyed their ancient freedom.—Gibbon, chap. iii. p. 115.

When Augustus wished to put in force the “*lex æsæ majestatis*,” for suppressing libels and lampoons, he took care to do it, says Aurelius, not his own name, but in the name of the majesty of the Roman people:—“*Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub Alicio facile, et utile:—Ergo specie legis tractabat quasi majestas populi Romani infamaretur.*”

END OF THE NOTES TO CANTO IV.

NOTES TO CANTO V.

Note 1, Stanza i.

*The many there
Have felt War's sternest blow,*

The second of May produced an explosion at Madrid. Buonaparte, not considering his usurpation complete whilst any member of the royal family remained within his grasp, ordered the queen of Etruria, daughter of Charles the Fourth, and her infant son, to be conveyed to France. At the moment of their departure from the palace, the agitated feelings of those around the carriages induced them to impede its progress, and insult the French officer in charge of the escort.

Murat, to enforce his authority, ordered up a body of troops to fire on, and disperse the actors, which commands were too readily and successfully executed, and numbers were killed, or maimed.—A knowledge of this outrage spread in a moment all over Madrid, and the entire population poured into the streets, armed with whatever weapons they could find to avenge their slaughtered countrymen.—Murat, who considered the opportunity favourable to strike a lesson

of awe, and, by a terrible example, to crush in the bud the rising spirit of the people, instantly brought up ten thousand troops, with artillery, and for two hours, whilst a pretext of resistance could be found, carried destruction through every quarter of the town, and the same evening, executed, by sentence of a French commission, all the most obnoxious of the prisoners who had fallen into his power.—Thus bled or perished fifteen hundred Spanish citizens, victims to an experiment of the effects of military coercion in procuring the quiet submission of a nation to a change of rulers.—Vide Jones' War, p. 12, 13.

Note 2, Stanza iv.

—*Madrid heard the Gallic trumpet sound,
Like to the Gothic blast, which once did Rome astound.*

At the hour of midnight the Salernian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants of Rome were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet.—Gibbon, vol. v. p. 331.

Note 3, Stanza vi.

Young Mariequitta dwell,

Amongst the many sorrowful tales which the history of the Spanish war could furnish I have selected the present one; every circumstance related, is, as it too unfortunately happened; it was told me by a Spanish hidalgo, at a small town called Naval Moral, a short distance from the bridge of Almaraz.—To those who are unacquainted with the brutalities which the army of France committed during the

war in Spain I would recommend the perusal of "Felix Alvarez," which spirited and pleasing account has been so much admired, and with whose accomplished author it was my good fortune to be, a great part of the Spanish campaigns.

Note 4, Stanza xxxvii.

Sent by the mighty Thor,

The third principal divinity of the Scandinavians was called Thor. Julius Cæsar speaks particularly of a god of the Gauls, who presided over the winds and tempests.* He designates it by the Latin name of Jupiter, but Lucan gives it another name, which has a nearer relation to that of Thor;—he calls it Taranis, a name which signifies, to this day, thunder. The Edda calls him the most valiant of Odin's sons, and the hammer, or club, with which he is represented as armed, and which he hurled in the air against the giants, designates lightning. He was regarded as the defender and avenger of the gods.

Note 5, Stanza xxxviii.

None heed their friends,

The interesting account given by Labaume of the French invasion of Russia by the usurper, has been read by most people; the facts themselves must also be fresh in the remembrance of all. Never, since the days of Cambyzes, was presented a more frightful picture of the consequences to which a fiery but fatal ambition can lead the human mind, invested with power, to undertake the daring and destructive

* "Thor proesidet aere fulmina fuge gubernat."—Ad. Brem. His. Eccles. 3. 255.

schemes of pride which the lust of dominion planned, and attempted to execute. In giving an account of the horrible scenes of misery which visited the unfortunate remains of that mighty host, led by Napoleon into the heart of Russia, and obliged to retire, unprotected from the rigours of winter, and famished for want of food, Labaume has the following awful description :—

“Our cruelty, which could no more be exercised on the enemy, was extended to our companions. The best friends no longer recognised each other. Whoever discovered the least sickness, if he had not good horses and faithful servants, was sure never to see his country again. Every one preferred to save the plunder of Moscow rather than the life of his comrade. On all sides we heard the groans of the dying, and the lamentable voices of those whom we had abandoned; but all were deaf to their supplications; or if any approached those who were on the point of expiring, it was to plunder, and not to assist them,—it was to search whether they had any remains of food, and not to afford them any relief.”—Page 339.

We had too frequently occasion to observe in these encampments to what a degree of brutality excess of misery would debase human nature: in one place we saw several of the soldiers fighting for a morsel of bread. If a stranger, pierced with cold, endeavoured to approach a fire, those to whom it belonged inhumanly drove him away; or, if tormented with raging thirst, any one asked for a single drop of water from another who carried a full supply, the refusal was accompanied with the vilest abuse. We often heard those who had once been friends, and whose education had been liberal, bitterly disputing with each other for a little straw, or a piece of horse-flesh, which they were attempting to divide. This campaign was therefore the more terrible, as it brutalized the character, and stained us with vices to which we had before been strangers. Even those who were

once honest, humane, and generous, became selfish, avaricious, dishonest, and cruel.—Page 374.

Note 6, Stanza xli.

Misery encompass'd with its direst want,

“ November 28.—Napoleon, being gone towards Zemba, left behind him this immense crowd, which, standing on the other side of the Beresina, presented a lively but frightful picture of the unhappy ghosts who are said to wander on the banks of the Styx, and press tumultuously towards the fatal bark. The snow fell with violence, the hills and forests presented nothing but some white indistinct masses, scarcely visible through the fog. We could only see distinctly the fatal river which, half frozen, forced its way through the ice, that partly impeded its progress.

“ Although there were two bridges, the one for the carriages and the other for the foot-soldiers, yet the crowd was so great, and the approaches so dangerous, that the way was completely obstructed near the Beresina, and it was absolutely impossible to move.—About eight o’Clock in the morning the bridge for the carriages and the cavalry broke down, the baggage and the artillery then advanced towards the other bridge, and attempted to force a passage. Now began a frightful contention between the foot soldiers and horsemen. Many perished by the hands of their comrades. A great many were suffocated at the head of the bridge, and the dead bodies of men and horses so choked every avenue, that it was necessary to climb over mountains of carcasses to arrive at the river. Some who were buried in these horrible heaps still breathed, and struggling with the agonies

of death, caught hold of those who mounted over them; but these inhumanly kicked them with violence, to disengage themselves, and remorselessly trod them under foot. During this contention the multitude which followed, like a furious wave, swept away, whilst it increased its victims.—Page 378.

Note 7, Stanza xliii.

Then, despot, wert thou first thy sword to sheath,

Napoleon, terrified by so many disasters, and still more so by the fear of losing his authority in France, conceived the idea of abandoning these miserable remains of his army, for the purpose of demanding from his senate new levies; and tortured by those suspicions which always pursue the despot, he imagined that his allies were eager to dissolve the compact which had placed them under his iron yoke. No address was made to the army, no proclamation to the Lithuanians to reanimate their dejected spirits; the one was without a chief, the other abandoned by him who had promised them every thing.—Page 305, 396.

Note 8, Stanza xliii.

Daring to make that cynical reply—

It is said that Napoleon, on his return to the Tuilleries, the evening of his arrival, whilst warming his hands at the fire, turned round, and rubbing them with an air of the most cynic indifference, said to an attendant near, “C’est mieux qu’en Russie,” a remark which testifies more to the character of the man, than pages could do.

Not 9, Stanza xlv.

Such as the Hun or Vandal,—

Attila and Genseric.—Candour cannot hesitate to admit the truth, nor justice pause to question the propriety of this comparison. In fact, if we deeply consider the circumstances of the times when these Gothic conquerors over-ran the earth, and contrast them with the present, we must allow that the ingenious barbarity of modern art in devising means for slaughtering, and extirpating our fellow creatures, has more than kept pace with the advancement of civilization which should have taught man rather how to restrain his passion of doing evil in the increased knowledge of knowing how to do good, than have stimulated him to so many more inventions to torture and tyrannize over the rest of mankind.

END OF THE NOTES TO CANTO V.

NOTES TO CANTO VI

Note 1, Stanza xxix.

Lo, the mock king array'd the Gallic ranks,—

Joseph Buonaparte took the command in the action of Vittoria, which perhaps may account for so complete a defeat as the French arms experienced. His title of king was but a mere mockery of the authority of a monarch, as it was well known that neither himself nor any of his brothers, vested with the purple, dared to act contrary to the slightest wish or views of Napoleon ; poor Louis, king of Holland, who is said to possess an excellent and benevolent heart, could not bring himself to execute all the oppressive commands of the despot, and on that account, it is said, was deprived of his state.

Note 2, Stanza xxxiv.

————— *The guilty prize*
Of many a daring wretch

All the pillage from the royal palaces, the churches, and monas-

teries, &c. the gatherings of the rapine of the French armies, and of the illustrious king Pépé were here collected; and owing to the imprudence, it is said of the mock monarch himself, fell into the hands of the British force, a few of whom (and amongst an army where are such not found,) were more eager to secure *pesettas** than prisoners; the followers too of an army, which are always as numerous as the body itself, got to the baggage, and the scene had soon the appearance of a carnival, where figures exhibit themselves in all sorts of fantastic dresses.

Note 3, Stanza xxxvii.

————— *In lifelessness there lay
A female form,*

I have inserted this anecdote, which, though not seen by myself, was told me by a witness of the circumstances:—An accidental shot entering the side of the carriage in which she was seated, went through her body, and caused instant death. It is supposed that whoever had been with her had fled from terror. A French officer, made prisoner at the time, said he recollected having seen her in Madrid, and that she was in the royal suite; but this was all that was ascertained; she was evidently of Spanish origin.

Note 4, Stanza xli.

Stranger be merciful;

One of the great things which Christianity has done for this world, has been to render misery, misfortune, and deformity, causes of greater sympathy and affection,

END OF THE NOTES TO CANTO VI.

* A Spanish coin of the value of 11d. English.

NOTES TO CANTO VII.

Note 1, Stanza x.

*Ye hills of strength that from Pyrene bore
Your noted name thro' her unhappy tale ;—*

Pyréné was daughter to Bebrix, a king of Spain, and concubine to Hercules ; having one day wandered from her lover she was destroyed by wild beasts, on one of the mountains which bear her name.

Note 2, Stanza xi.

*— Even unto the eternal city's stand,
Where Fortune fail'd them.*

Hannibal first humbled the power of the Roman arms in Spain, previously to marching to the gates of Rome, where fortune deserted him.

Note 3, Stanza xi.

—*Brave Orlando in the battle strong,
And conflicts of imperial Charlemain ;—*

Historians are not agreed as to the time in which Charlemain went into Spain ; it appears, however, that it was in the reign of Abderame the First, that this Emperor passed the Pyrennees, took Pampeluna and Saragossa, and was vanquished on his retreat in the defiles of Roncesvalles, places so celebrated in romance by the death of Roland, and now by the splendid victories of the immortal Wellington.—Power's Emp. of the Mussul. page 93.

Note 4, Stanza xiii.

*Here Fiction led the minstrel's soul, and plac'd
Its splendour's and enchantments,*

Roncesvalles has been chosen by many of the poets as the scene of enchantments and chivalric achievements. Boyardo, Ariosto, and Pulci, in their several poems of the Orlando Inamorato, Furioso, and Morgante Maggiore, have rendered the spot famous in song as well as in history.

Note 5, Stanza xx.

And the wild Izard from its still retreat,

The Izard is the chamois of the Pyrennees. It is smaller and of a lighter colour than that of the Alps, but, judging from the information of the hunters, there is reason to believe it is weaker and less

active. It mostly frequents the windings of the vallies, to avoid the heat of the sun, which it cannot endure.

Note 6, Stanza xxxiii.

*His are the toils intense,
Too oft to make him grieve his own pre-eminence.*

A writing found amongst his papers after the death of Abderame the Third, one of the most powerful princes of the earth, and one who filled the throne of the caliphs of Cordova with the greatest honour and glory, was as follows :—" Fifty years have elapsed since I became Caliph ;—riches, honours, and pleasures, I have enjoyed in abundance, and have exhausted them all. The kings, my rivals, esteemed, dreaded, and envied me. All those things coveted by mankind were bestowed by heaven upon me with a prodigal hand. In this long space of apparent felicity I have calculated the number of days in which I have found myself happy ;—the number amounts to *fourteen ! ! !* Mortals, hence appreciate the value of splendour, of worldly enjoyments, and even of life itself."

It was this prince who built the Zehra, for a description of which see Power's Mussul. Empire.

END OF THE NOTES TO CANTO VII.

NOTES TO CANTO VIII.

Note 1, Stanza iii.

— *Dire conscription's arm no more shall seek
To be the cannibal of tyrant sway,*

The code of the conscription will remain an eternal monument of the reign of Buonaparte ; there, may be found collected all that the most subtle and ingenious tyranny can devise to torment and devour the people, it is truly the code of hell ! The generations of France were placed in regular rows for the axe, like the trees in the forest ; every year 80,000 young men were cut down. But this was only the regular average of death, the conscription was often doubled or re-inforced by extraordinary levies ; often it devoured beforehand its destined victims, like a dissipated heir, who borrows on his future income. At last they were taken even without estimate ; the legal age, the qualities requisite for dying on a field of battle were no longer regarded, and the law displayed in this respect a marvellous facility ; it went back to infancy, it descended to old age, the dis-

charged soldier, the man who had a substitute, were equally taken; the son of a poor artisan, perhaps ransomed thrice, even at the expence of his father's little property, was compelled to march; maladies, infirmities, and bodily defects, were no longer a protection.

Buonaparte was wont to say to himself, "I have 300,000 men in reserve."—In the eleven years of his reign he caused more than five millions of Frenchmen to perish, which exceeds the number of those whom our civil wars swept away during three centuries under the reigns of John, Charles V., VI., VII., Henry II., Charles IX., Henry III. and IV.—Vide Chateaubriand on Buonaparte and the Bourbons, page 24.

Note 2, Stanza vi.

Thy tale, old man, too deeply grafts these truths ;

It was on the road from Orthez to Pau, having been some hours on my horse, I dismounted at a neat looking farm house, at that time the appearance of an Englishman, which was a novelty, (as our army had advanced by another route,) excited universal attention and curiosity. The old man of the farm received me with the greatest civility, offering me a repast of whatever his farm produced.—Our conversation naturally turned upon the events of the war, for at that time the French had just been defeated on the field of Orthez, which was but a few leagues distant from the spot, and it was well known that Napoleon had been driven within the ancient limits of the French monarchy.

After having been seated for some little time, a stout young man entered, and saluted me, but, being accosted by the old man with some question respecting the farm, retired to attend to the inquiry. I asked the old man whether it was his son? he shook his head, and,

with tears in his eyes, answered in the negative, and then recounted the story of his affliction, as I have endeavoured to interest the reader with it in the poem.

Note 3, Stanza xxiv.

Ancient of days, Tolosa.

The ancient city of Toulouse presents itself to the mind under a variety of incidents and attachments:—To the historian as being a spot where the Roman power shone forth in its greatness, though few vestiges, if any, remain to impress it on the curious in antiquity;—to the minstrel it offers the recollections of the floral games, and troubadours of Provence, all of which lend a charm highly gratifying to the feelings.

Clemence Isaure, in the fifteenth century, endowed the academy with the means of furnishing yearly three golden flowers, a violet, a marigold, and an eglantine, to be given as poetical prizes. Her statue is to be seen in one of the rooms of the Hotel de Ville, which was formerly crowned on the 3rd of May, when the prizes were contested for, and distributed.

Note 4, Stanza xxv.

Nor less renown doth Raymond's name awake:

He, whom immortal Tasso fam'd in song,

Raymond, Count of Toulouse, one of the chief promoters and leaders of the second crusade, and whose talent in council and field

is so highly praised in the Jerusalem Delivered ; so much so that Tasso, in describing Godfrey, to give a high idea of his powers and wisdom in council says,

“ Sol Raimondo in consiglio,”—Lib. iii.—59.

END OF THE NOTES TO CANTO EIGHT.

NOTES TO CANTO IX.

Note 1, Stanza xvi.

"War to their chief,"—assembled monarchs shout.

The Congress at Vienna in 1814 and 15, which terminated in the Holy Alliance, was assembled at the time of Buonaparte's re-appearance in France from Elba; and immediately issued "its anathema" against him.

Note 2, Stanza xxv.

Led them to victory on Hispania's shore.

The illustrious Wellington, on arriving on the field of action, was repeatedly cheered by the troops, whilst passing along the line; so greatly did they feel and manifest by it, the confidence they reposed in him, who had, with a considerable part of the British force, then

present, so often before humbled the pride of the French armies in Spain."

Note 3, Stanza xxxii.

Now single horsemen, in their wild career !

Traits of individual heroism, and desperate courage, were never more conspicuous than on this memorable day. The devotedness of the French soldiers to Napoleon and his cause amounted to perfect frenzy in some; many of them were seen with their horses' reins in their mouth, sword in one hand and pistol in the other, galloping in all directions like madmen; and one instance alone of the officer of cuirassiers, who, not being able to lead on a body of his men, rode directly on our bayonets, and sacrificed himself, sufficiently characterizes the rashness and mania his cause had wrought.

Note 4, Stanza xxxiii.

*Whilst the most valiant look'd for set of sun,
To close the fight, and see the bloody carnage done.*

A person had the courage to ask the noble personage in command whether he looked often to the woods, from which the Prussians were expected to issue? "No," was the answer, "I looked oftener at my watch than at any thing else; I knew if my troops could keep their position until night that I must be joined by Blucher before morning, and we would not have left Buonaparte an army next day." "But," continued he, "I own I was glad as one hour of day light slipped away after another, and our position was still maintained."—Paul's Letters, page 171.

Note 5, Stanza xxxiv.

*Yet despot, even then did passion stern
Refuse the tidings,—that “they were not thine.”*

It has been affirmed by some, that Napoleon mistook the approach of the Prussians for his own people, under Marshal Grouchy; he imagined, in short, that at the very worst, his own general had made a lateral movement, corresponding with that of Blucher, and was as near to support as the other was to attack him. In this belief all the slaughter and all the repulses of the bloody day did not prevent his risking a final and desperate effort.

Note 6, Stanza xxxvii.

————— *The sun of Austerlitz hath set.*

It was a constant practice with Buonaparte never to neglect recalling to the minds of his men any circumstance of fortunate days and enterprises. His last appeal of the sort, was on joining the army on the 14th of June, 1815, where he made one of those inflated and bombastic addresses which he taught the French to admire. The sun of Austerlitz was one of his figurative allusions, which he repeatedly presented to them; unfortunately for them, it turned out but an illusion.

Note 7, Stanza xxxvii.

————— *Fortune's smiles inflame,
Dazzle, make giddy, till we fall;—*

“ ——— Excelsæ graviore, casu
Deci dunt turres.”—HORACE.

Or,

“ Ergo quid optandum foret, ignorasse fateris
Sejanum : nam qui nimios optabat honores
Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat
Excelsæ turris tabulata, modo altior esset
Casus, et impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ.

Juvenal Sat. X. line 103.

Note 8, Stanza xxxix.

When the fierce Carthaginian they o'erthrew.

I cannot but consider this comparison of the circumstances of war and history as most strikingly similar. Scipio completely banished the Carthaginian power from Spain, where it had extended its dominion, and being immediately after nominated to the command against Annibal, who threatened Rome, declared that if Annibal was to be conquered it must be in Africa.

The senate adopting his plan, Scipio departed to the shores of Africa, where Annibal hastened to oppose him. Terms of accommodation were offered by the Carthaginian general, but rejected.—The celebrated battle of Zama followed,—both generals evinced the utmost military knowledge;—a thousand acts of valour were displayed on both sides, and though the Carthaginians fought for their own defence, and the Romans for fame and freedom, the conqueror of Italy was vanquished. About twenty thousand Carthaginians were slain. This battle was *decisive*.—The Carthaginians sued for peace, which Rome at last granted, on the most severe and humiliating terms.

END OF THE NOTES TO CANTO IX.

NOTES TO CANTO X.

Note 4, Stanza xi.

— *Paris seems all festival, in glow
Of outward gaudiness, whose tinsels shine!*

Nothing could have been more expressive of the general cast of disposition and character of the French people than the sudden change produced by the return of Buonaparte from Elba, and the return of Louis XVIII. to Paris, after the fight of Waterloo; and they who had assisted in all the revelries of the Champ de Mai, but two months before, hailing Napoleon as their deliverer and monarch, now marked their joy and devotedness, in equal terms of seeming acknowledgment, at the happy restitution of Louis to his crown and rights. On the 8th of July, the day of his entrance, the streets and windows were crowded to excess; white kerchiefs waved in all directions, and the scene which the garden of the Tuilleries presented on that evening, would have struck a stranger to their character, as

affording every proof of a long and standing attachment, (checked hitherto by power and oppression from being shewn,) but now bursting forth in all the enthusiasm, and joy of steady loyalty. But sophistry in the present age, is too much practised not to be seen through, and, with France in particular, selfish inclinations have far outweighed moral ones.

Note 2, Stanza xii.

— *Vice still guides the rein, whilst Folly fills the car.*

It does not seem that the character of the French nation has experienced any great change since the following opinion and description was formed of them by a learned writer :—

Gens inter geminos notissima, clauditur amnes,
Armorica prius veteri cognomine dicta,
Torva,—ferox,—ventosa, procox, incauta, rebellis,
Inconstans, dispare sibi novitatis amore;
Prodiga verborum, sed non et prodiga facti."

Erricus, Monach. in Vit. St. Germain, 2. v.

Gibbon also, who quotes this passage, says,—“ After the usurpers of Gaul had successively fallen, the maritime provinces were restored to the empire ; yet their obedience was imperfect and precarious ; the vain, inconstant, rebellious disposition of the people was incompatible either with freedom or servitude ; and Armorica, though it could not long maintain the form of a republic, was agitated by frequent and destructive revolts.”—Chap. 31, page 360

Note 3, Stanza xvii.

————— *Where each deed,
(Stamping this nation's character as base
And vile,) was done!*

The horrors of the Temple are alive in every person's recollection; of the building itself, that den the prison of the unfortunate Louis and his family, there is scarcely one trace remaining. Yet on pausing at the spot where once its buttresses stood, imagination shudders at the remembrance of the brutality and ferocity of those leaders of the revolution, who lost every attribute of any thing like human, and seem to have been more demons than men.

Note 4, Stanza xviii.

————— *Arose, and sought his God!*

If we can suppose any thing could have awakened a feeling of contrition or remorse in the hearts of those who condemned Louis to the scaffold, it would have been the humility and resignation with which he met his fate, and the piety and consciousness of innocence which supported him through all his trials. But man is rather the slave to his own sophistical views, than the servant of *his Divine ruler*, and is seldom awakened from the worldly pursuit of his evil propensities, but by the thoughts of that mortal end at which he must arrive, when sickness or danger present themselves.

Note 5, Stanza xix.

Where crime shall cringe, all hideously pale.

"You are fond of spectacles," exclaims the stern Tertullian, "expect the greatest of all spectacles—the last and eternal judgment of the universe! How shall I admire—how laugh—how rejoice—how exult, when I see so many proud monarchs, and fancied gods, groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness; so many magistrates, who persecuted the name of the Lord, liquifying in fiercer fires than they ever kindled against the Christians; so many sage philosophers, blushing in red hot flames with their deluded scholars; so many celebrated poets, trembling before the tribunal, not of Minos, but of Christ; so many tragedians, more tuneful in the expression of their own sufferings; so many dancers!"—But the humanity of the reader will permit me to draw a veil over the rest of this infernal description, which the zealous African pursues in a long variety of affected and unfeeling witticisms.—Vide Gibbon's decline of the Rom. Emp. Chap. xv. p. 313.

Note 6, Stanza xix.

Oh, hapless flower of France!

The tongue of calumny was stronger than the sceptre of power, and instilled those gross ideas into the minds of the people, who are eager to find cause for disaffection to royalty, whilst the hidden springs of the Revolution, boiling up at the same moment, burst forth, and overwhelmed the prosperity of France and its monarch. The secret machinations and intrigues, which Maria Antoinette is accused of having been the principal agent in, made the cries of the rabble more

loud and vehement against her ; her magnanimous conduct, however, in prison, and her attachment shewn to the King in those sad moments of horror and distress, certainly expiated any thoughtlessness before committed, and be it hoped that her soul is now received into the hands of her *Maker*.

Note 7, Stanza xxii.

*Thy name, Oh Raphael, wakes us from the trance
To more than feeling's fervour can express.*

"Il divino Raffaello" is, and ever will be, an apostolical man ; in other words, he is, with regard to painting, what the apostles were, compared to the rest of mankind.

Note 8, Stanza xxviii.

*Da Vinci, the Carracci, these will laud,
Those a Corregio, or golden scenes of Claude.*

In enumerating the few paintings of the Italian school in my descriptions in the poem, I have merely chosen what struck me as some of the finest, and for the sake of contrasting the subjects and styles of each celebrated painter mentioned them only ; yet, although it were impossible to name the whole, from the multitude of their works, there are names, as Dominichino, Caravaggio, Paul Veronese, Guercino, Carlo Dolce, &c. and in the Flemish schools, Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Holbein, &c. besides artists of the French school, all of whom call forth the highest praise.

The following struck me as some of the finest paintings in the gallery of the Louvre :

The Transfiguration—by Raphael,
 The Martyrdom of St. Peter, the Dominican—by Titian,
 St. Petronelle—by Guercino,
 The Apostles at the Sepulchre, and Jesus Asleep—by A. Caracci,
 The Descent from the Cross—by Corregio,
 The Ghost of Samuel—by Salvator,
 The Communion of St. Jerome—by Dominichino,
 Christ on the Cross—the Last Supper—St. Roch interceding for
 the persons afflicted by the Plague—by Rubens,
 Christ lying dead in the arms of the Virgin—by Vandyke.

Note 9, Stanza xxxv.

— *Gaul shall be convinc'd her vaunting how untrue ;*

After describing the statue of the Pythian Apollo, and the subject of it, the catalogue of the Louvre, in giving its history, had the following sentence,—“ that it was found near the ancient city of Antium, celebrated for its Temple of Fortune, and that it was placed in the Belvidere of the Vatican by Julius II., where it had, for three centuries, excited the wonder and admiration of the universe.” Then comes this remarkable paragraph :—“ A hero, guided by victory, drew it from the Vatican, and transporting it to the banks of the Seine, *has fixed it there for ever.*”

END OF THE NOTES.

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